Romberg plans shut-down if AS budget freeze lasts

by Eric Newton

SF State President Paul F. Romberg is ready to dissolve the student government if it does not develop a budget to his liking by June 30, according to documents recently made public.

Romberg refused to sign the budget last August, saying it was not in the best interest of all students. He has not commented further.

But facts about the Associated Students and Romberg's position were revealed in the publication of a California State University and Colleges management audit of the AS and Romberg's reply to that audit.

They include:

* Political and ethnic organizations funded by the AS can be stripped of those funds if the groups are not open to all students.

* AS operating costs make up 42 percent of its $500,000 annual budget – the highest operating costs of 11 CSUC student governments audited.

* No more than 150 students, or .7 percent of the student body, benefit from SF State's Child Care Center. Each semester the Center eats 9.3 percent of the mandatory $10 student activity fee.

* Salaries paid to AS student employees were not reported to the Financial Aid Office as required by the "Financial Aid Manual." Grants to AS officers were reported, however.

* The AS spent $25,870 more than it took in during the 1975-76 and 1976-77 school years, but still has a surplus of $63,913.

The field work for this audit was completed in October, 1977, said Fred Dalton, internal audit staff chief for the CSUC system.

The report and Romberg's reply became public record after they were presented to the CSUC Board of Trustees in late January.

The Board voted to enact all of Dalton's recommendations, apparently ignoring the protests Romberg wrote of in a Dec. 12 letter to Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke.

Dalton recommended "that the campus conform to the existing laws."

The Board, in effect, ordered Romberg to enforce these recommendations:

* Clubs must be open to all students.

* "No substantial part" of the student government's activities may be the "carrying on of propaganda." Student funds may not be used to support or oppose political issues.

* The campus administration should inform students at least once a year of their right to vote the AS out of business.

* The $20 mandatory fees paid for the academic year beginning fall 1977 should be refunded to students if no AS budget is approved by June 30, the end of the fiscal year.

Romberg's reply to the last recommendation: "Campus administration is confident that a 77/78 budget will be implemented shortly after the installation of the new officers on January, 1, 1978."

The reply continued: "If this is not accomplished, the administration is prepared to proceed towards dissolving the association and any future fee payments would cease."

Dalton said Romberg's reply was too strong.

"You don't chop someone's head off if they're not perfect," he said about the AS-administration conflict here.

Dalton said that the results of the audit were "generally good" and that the problems are minor.

"The most important problem is the status of the (AS) budget," he said.

Lee Nielsen of SF State's Auxilliary Accounting office, which handles AS finances, said the possibility "is very slim" that no budget will be passed by June.

An $8,000 operating budget was

Continued on Page 5, Column 4

SF State President Paul F. Romberg

PHOENIX

Volume 21, Number 18 | *San Francisco State University* | *Thursday, the Ninth day of February, 1978* | *Ten pages*

The phone cabinet in this Library elevator car was jammed shut last week. Emergency phones were missing in the other cars.

Safety rules ignored at night

by Tom Adams

Staff employees repeatedly work after hours in the SF State Administration Building in violation of a recent order that the building be closed at 5 p.m. for security reasons.

In a news conference last Nov. 15, Konnilyn G. Feig, vice president of administrative affairs, said all employees of the Administration Building would be working from 8 a.m.to 5 p.m. for security reasons.

The building is locked at night, but staffers often work after hours.

Don Scoble, campus director of public affairs, said he has a key to his office lights should he decide to work late.

Scoble said he occasionally lets other staffers use his key when they work overtime. He said it is a common practice for staffers who have light keys to lend them to other workers.

According to Ralph Dudley and Lou Waddy, plant operations custodians, professors often work after 5 p.m. in the Administration Building.

The custodians said professors don't check the doors to the outside of the Administration Building when they enter or leave. They said they have seen professors leave the doors ajar.

Two public safety reports issued by Feig's office late last year said all staff bathrooms in the administration building are locked.

Dudley and Waddy said that men prop their restroom doors open because they don't want to bother with their keys.

They added that it is difficult to tell who is authorized to be inside and suggested to University police that people in the building wear ID badges.

The custodians said that there are too many keys to the building floating around. Their statement was echoed by Orrin F. DeLand, director of facility planning.

"It almost goes without saying that there are more keys out than is good for security," DeLand said.

Marvin W. Wells, director of plant operations, said he didn't know how many keys have been issued but that he is having that information computerized.

Wells said many department heads ask for keys.

Plant operations is also responsible for the installation of elevator phones, getting new keys for library elevators, posting of "Be Alert" signs on all bathroom doors and campus lighting improvements – all listed as "in progress" in the latest public safety report.

J. Dean Parnell, building coordinator, said parking lot 11, west of the corporation yard, was unlit during recent fixture repairs but the new lighting is much brighter than the old.

Parnell said SF State has been waiting for a month for six new lights. He said very-high-intensity fixtures are going to be installed near the library and the Student Union.

Parnell said the contract for the lights was made three months ago, but order delays are causing the University to wait.

"We've been in contact with the supplier," Parnell said. "It's darker than it was before we started the project."

Edward Kline, administrative assistant for plant operations, said that before the increased interest in campus safety, bright flourescent tubes were being replaced by tubes using less power to save energy. This practice has since stopped, he said.

Although the public safety report said "Be Alert" signs were to go on all bathroom doors, Wells said "the main thrust was to get them on the women's bathrooms."

He said the directive came from Feig, and added that the signs will be put on the men's bathrooms as well.

"We have been considering putting telephones in elevators for two-and-a-half years," Wells said.

"We have such intense vandalism in elevators that the phones would have to be special," said Parnell.

The installation of new elevator keys should be completed by mid-March, according to Edward O. Williams, assistant director of plant operations. Williams said this will allow locking of Library stairwells.

The public safety report said Muni would be contacted to see if certain

Continued on Page 5, Column 1

San Francisco's landmark decisions

by Gary Johanson

San Franciscans don't build new homes anymore; they rebuild, redecorate and repaint the old ones.

Nine city residents have the job of singling out buildings of "special character, architectural, aesthetical, or historical value." They are members of the Landmarks Advisory Board, and they meet twice a month in the Main Library to decide which structures should be desingated historical landmarks.

They have an architecturally well-endowed city to work with. Examples of Queen Anne, Mission Revival, and Craftsman rowhouses are numerous.

Many of the extravagant old mansions of Nob Hill and the justly-famed Victorians have not only survived the 20th century but are flourishing.

The Board, in its five-year existence, has designated 100 buildings as historical landmarks.

"For houses," said associate city planner Joe Fitzpatrick, "landmark designation means an increase in their value of between one thousand and three thousand dollars, a numbered landmark certificate to hang over the fireplace, and gobs of snob appeal. The Tax Reform Act of 1976 also provides modest tax relief to owners of historical landmarks because they might have to go to more than ordinary expense to maintain the buildings."

The public is also placed in a more favorable position to exert pressure should the building be threatened, since the Planning Commission and the Board of Supervisors can delay demolition of a landmark for up to one year.

In addition, a landmark's exterior cannot be altered significantly without a certificate from the Landmarks Board.

A building can be nominated for landmark status by either the Planning Commission, the Art Commission, the Board of Supervisors, or the Landmarks Board's two person full-time staff. Lengthy discussion often takes place at the Board's Wednesday afternoon meetings. If approved, the nomination goes to the Planning Commission and the Board of Supervisors for final approval.

"Sometimes you'll get an incredible furor over an insignificant building being torn down," said a Planning Department spokesman, "while a place like the Seawall Warehouse, dating from the 1850s goes under and nobody seems to notice.

"Right now the old Eagle Cafe, near Embarcadero and Powell, is being moved and jacked up in the air to be placed on top of another building, but you don't hear much of a protest over it."

Curiously enough, the Landmarks Board has sent a note to Mayor George Moscone, urging him to consider the fate of the Eagle Cafe, but they have never designated it as a landmark. Their influence in this case lies mainly in "serving as a public forum as an educational and persuasive device," according to city architect Floyd Engles.

He and two other Planning Department architects are responsible for the 1976 Architectural Inventory, which catalogued more than 100,000 San Francisco buildings. Of these, 10,000 were found to be "architecturally significant"

A San Francisco landmark at Broadway and Laguna.

Photo by Gary Cameron

and were photographed and rated from -2 to +5 in such categories as relationship with surrounding buildings and facade proportions.

"I see this as a first step in preserving neighborhoods," said Engles. "Buildings put up with little design are curiosity items and possess unique features worthy of being recognized."

Although the inclusion of a structure in the Architectural Inventory does not make it a landmark, Engles said he hopes that the 60 volume collection of San Francisco's smorgasbord of architectural delights will stimulate interest in preservation.

"The inventory was necessary to justify a hoped-for increase in staff and scope of the Landmarks Board," he said.

Perhaps the argument for landmarks preservation was best made by Al Lanier, a member of the Landmarks Board.

"We've had to codify everything so much that builders today are left with little leeway," Lanier said. "Most of San Francisco's landmarks could not be built under present building codes."

Campus women want their space

by Lisa Brewer

SF State women are upset over the recent merging of the Women's Center with three other Associated Students programs.

"There are a lot of women who are angry about it," said Karen McKeen, one of three women interviewed by *Phoenix*. "It seems like there should be a place on this campus for women to be."

The original Women's Center was closed when the organization was combined with Eros, Legal Referral and Peer Counseling to form the Program Action Center (PAC). The four programs now share room M113 in the Student Union.

"The space allocated to the Women's Center isn't comfortable so that women can get together and talk," said Fiona Martin. "That's what I'm angry about. It could work as a business center. As far as a women's space is concerned, it just doesn't work."

Martin said she and three other women had been sitting in the new center talking a few days ago when Richard Sevilla, PAC program coordinator and information officer, asked them to keep the noise level down because counseling was going on.

"It was a reasonable request," Martin said. "What we need is a big room where we can sit and talk and do whatever we want. Each one of those organizations should have a room of their own. Each one has its own function."

She said the Women's Patrol won't be able to have their meetings in the Women's Center anymore because of the new arrangements. The office is much smaller than the old center and doesn't have room for group meetings. "It's going to be hard for us to function," she said.

Wayne Lukaris, AS president, who supports the program merger, said, "They all seemed to overlap. We put the counseling groups in one area so they could work together."

He also said the organizations will be able to do more programming at less cost, since their clerical functions are now combined.

Paula Kotakis said, "PAC is great for office work, but the Women's Center provided a place for women to be with other women. Now there's not a place for us to meet.

"Lukaris didn't tell us about it (the change)," she said. "He didn't even take a sampling of the women on campus."

Kotakis, Martin and McKeen all said they wanted to meet with Lukaris to discuss the merger. Lukaris said he would be willing to meet with women who were concerned about it – if they approached him. He said he had received no direct complaints.

Martin said a meeting will be held Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 12:30 p.m. in front of the old Women's Center to discuss the issue. Interested people who want to re-claim the Women's Center space are invited to attend.

Home is where the wind blows

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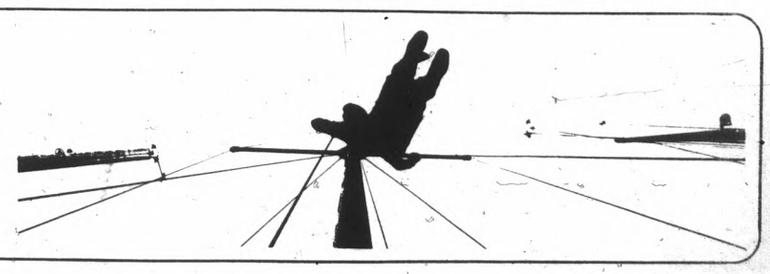


Nearby bank hit for $82,000

by Dick Thompson

A lone gunman staged the largest bank robbery in San Francisco's history last Friday morning at the Parkmerced branch of Crocker National Bank.

The thief walked away with more than $82,000 after holding several bank employees hostage and threatening to blow up the bank manager with dynamite.

No one was injured.

"He evidently cased it thoroughly and knew what he was doing," said one FBI agent. Another agent called the robbery "very professional."

The robbery was carefully planned and coolly executed. It began when branch manager Joseph N. Criss arrived to open the bank at 7:40 a.m. After he parked his car behind the bank, the thief approached him with a small caliber handgun – either a .22 or .25 – and ordered Criss back into the car.

"This is a robbery. We're going into the bank," the suspect said according to Criss.

The gunman was described as a white male, six feet tall, unshaven and wearing khaki pants, a blue plaid woolen shirt and gold rimmed glasses. He was carrying a black canvas gym bag.

Inside the car, the gunman strapped a belt to Criss' waist. Attached to the belt was a walkie talkie case, similar to the kind police wear. The thief told Criss that the objects in the case were two sticks of dynamite which could be triggered by remote control.

"Do exactly what I tell you or I'll blow you to pieces," the gunman said.

The two then entered the bank where the bandit put on rubber gloves. The manager was unable to activate the security systems, such as the silent alarm and surveillance cameras, which he normally did on entering the bank each morning.

The suspect forced Criss down to the vault in the basement and ordered him to open it. Only the outer vault – containing safe deposit boxes – could be opened by the manager. The inner vault, or cash vault, could only be opened by the operations manager, Ruth Bloomer. Criss said he explained that two people were required to open the vault.

"Don't bullshit me or I'll kill you," the gunman said.

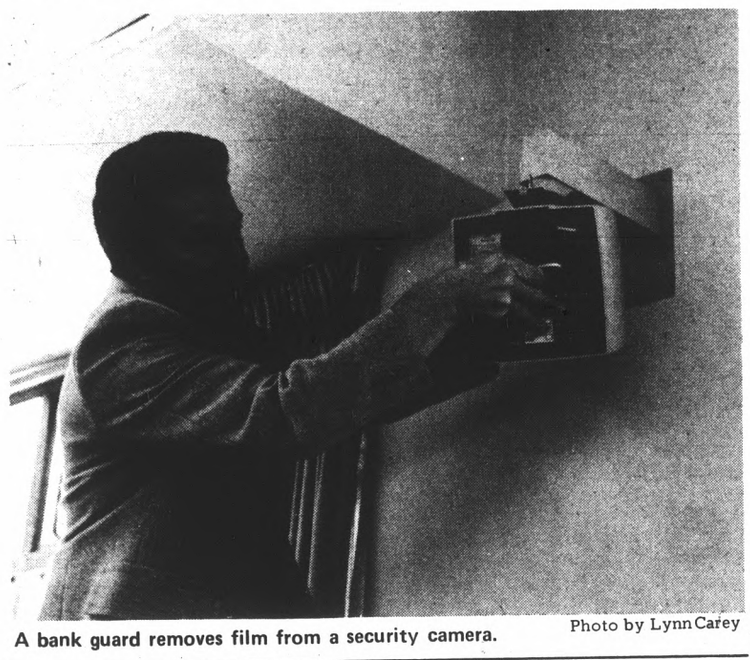
At 7:55 Bloomer arrived at the bank with two tellers, Sally Chin and Candice Kane. Criss let them in and the thief led the four of them down into the vault.

Bloomer opened the inner vault and the gunman stuffed the bills into his gym bag.

The selection of Feb. 3 for the robbery may have been carefully calculated. The security guard had been rotated to another Crocker bank. A large amount of cash was on hand to handle the Friday payroll checks and the social security checks which are usually received by people on the third of each month.

With his satchel filled, the gunman told the three women to stay in the vault. He ordered Criss, who still had the case strapped around him, to check the street. Then the thief walked out the door and down Cambon Drive.

One of the tellers pressed an alarm. The police arrived and removed the device from the manager. It turned out to be two road flares and two ordinary dry cell batteries.



A bank guard removes film from a security camera. Photo by Lynn Carey

Attack suspect seen on campus

A man resembling the attacker of Konnilyn G. Feig, vice president of administrative affairs, was spotted on campus Tuesday.

Ethnic Studies student Margo Mendoza said she saw the man loitering outside BSS and that he resembled the composite drawing circulated by campus police last December.

Mendoza said she had seen the man before and that he had said "hello" to her.

Campus police said they looked for the man, but could not find him.

Police also reported that an English professor's office was burglarized last weekend by a tapestry thief.

Leonard Wolf, who teaches English and creative writing, said the tapestry was in his HLL office Friday when he left at 4 p.m.

The tapestry depicted "an entire sequence of frames beginning with the story of Joseph," Wolf said.

Wolf had a message for the burglar: "We both love the picture. Just bring it back, and we'll sit and gaze at it together."

Wolf said he won't press charges and has offered a reward for the tapestry's return.

Campus police were also busy Tuesday morning removing a drunk from the HLL building. The "intoxicated person," said police, was not an SF State student. He was taken to Park police station and later released.

His condition was described as "perfectly all right" by University Police Sgt. William Noonan that same afternoon.

Affirmative Action faces Assembly test

by David Ruiz del Vizo, Jr.

Affirmative action programs in hiring and school admissions in California are in jeopardy because of a proposed state constitutional amendment.

The amendment would ban preferential treatment based on sex, race, color, creed, or national origin in meeting hiring and admission goals.

Affirmative action programs were mandated by the federal government in the mid-60s to provide greater opportunities for women and minorities in jobs and schools.

Legislators, including the amendment's author Assemblyman Stan Stathan and others, have raised questions about the nature and effectiveness of affirmative action.

According to Danilo Begonia, dean of the School of Ethnic Studies at SF State, affirmative action has not worked out in the way its designers intended.

"Affirmative action" said Begonia, "has really meant employment opportunities for whites in the past 400 years. The purpose was for proportional representation in the hiring and admissions of minorities."

Begonia believes, however, that SF State is not affected by minority admissions policy.

"SF State is not representative of affirmative action in student admissions," Begonia said. "Minority students currently comprise over 40 percent of the student body."

However, Begonia said that minorities and women are inadequately represented on the faculty.

According to Arthur Lathan, affirmative action coordinator at SF State, the program has made progress since it started on this campus in 1971.

Since 1971, according to Lathan, the number of minority teachers has increased from 155 to 253. Women now hold 549 teaching positions, 288 more than in 1971.

"As the economy improves," said Lathan, "we'll see a general improvement in the employment picture. Affirmative action is not just hiring. It also includes promotions and improving working conditions.

"I'm just surprised that American society has taken this long to bring up questions of reverse discrimination," Begonia said. "It's unfortunate that affirmative action never had a chance to acquire the acceptability and momentum the designers of it desired."

SF State currently is complying with federal mandates on affirmative action, according to Lathan.

"Federal funds would be withheld if the university was not making progress in its program," he said. "We don't receive too much Federal Funding but it could still hurt."

Campus bank proposal held up

by Rick Aschieris

Plans to open a bank in the Student Union have been delayed because of lease negotiations between the Union and Franciscan Shops, operators of the campus Bookstore.

Franciscan Shops has been operating in the Student Union without a lease since the Union opened in 1975.

Discussions with the Union's Governing Board over the terms of a lease began last week.

Doris Lee, an assistant to SF State vice president Konnilyn Feig who is negotiating for Franciscan Shops, would not discuss the situation.

"It is in the best interest of both parties not to divulge the terms and conditions of a contract during preliminary and negotiating sessions," Lee said.

But Lou Bauer, the Union's director, said the Governing Board is seeking a three- to five-year lease under which Franciscan Shops will continue to be charged two percent of their annual gross sales.

That amount will be divided into 12 equal parts to be paid monthly the following year.

The Union board will also propose consolidation of the present basement level gift shop with the lobby Bookstore to provide space for a bank.

Student Union plans for a bank were revealed last year.

"The best existing space for a bank is where the basement shop is now," Bauer said. Plans for a bank were revealed last semester.

But Franciscan Shops manager Walter Speer said the Bookstore needs its basement shop. "There's not enough space to meet the non-book needs of students as it is now," Speer said.

Joyce Shimizu, the Governing Board's chairwoman, is not optimistic about the proposed bank. "We can't do anything (about the bank) unless Franciscan Shops agree to move. I don't think they will," she said.

Shimizu said that if the space is made available, rent would be charged "on a square foot basis," not a percentage basis as charged Franciscan Shops.

"The primary importance of having a bank is the service provided to the student, not making money," Bauer said. He hopes to have a bank in the Union by the spring, 1979, semester.

"The cost of preparing the facility will be absorbed by the bank," Bauer said. Six to nine months would be needed to choose a bank. The board would select a bank based on the quality of student-oriented services offered by applying institutions.

"The bank would have to be willing to assist students in obtaining federally insured student loans," Bauer said.

A tree blown down recently smashed a student's car. Photo by Hector Esparza

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Fred Halstead, gubernatorial candidate of the Socialist Workers Party.

Big man in the Socialist party

by Gene Zbikowski

Fred Halstead is big and overweight. He stands taller than six feet. He wasn't asked how much he weighs.

The flesh on his forearm strains against his watchband. His eyes float above great jowls and peek through horn-rimmed glasses.

Fred Halstead, 50, is a politician. Speaking to SF State students in the Student Union, he sat practically immobile behind a table, gesturing with his hands. He smoked cigarettes, one after the other, and spoke with an even tone deliberating on each word.

Despite the conventional picture he presents, Fred Halstead is not a conventional politician. He is running for Governor of California on the Socialist Workers Party (SWP) ticket.

Halstead has been an SWP member for 30 years. He was its 1968 Presidential candidate. He has the air, not of a wild-eyed radical, but of an augustly patient man.

For example, throughout the United States there are small organizations of Trotskyites, which, having split off from the SWP, buzz about it like blue-tail flies. In the Midwest there is the Workers League. Here there is the Sparticist League. Inevitably, during the question-and-answer period that followed Halstead's speech, a member of the Sparticist League delivered a two-minute monologue on how the SWP was selling out the socialist movement. During the whole of it Halstead showed no impatience or anger. He savored his cigarette.

Who is this strangely impassive socialist?

Halstead was born in Los Angeles in 1927. His father was a member of the Industrial Workers of the World. His mother belonged to Eugene V. Debs' Socialist Party. Thus, Halstead was born into both the movement and the Depression.

"I can remember people having to camp on the street because they couldn't pay their rent."

Halstead served in the Navy during World War II. "After the war, I wanted to be a schoolteacher. I went to college," he said.

To finance his education he went to sea as a merchant marine – every other semester. In 1948 he joined the SWP. At the same time the government began enforcing the Smith Act, which was on the books since 1940. As a socialist, Halstead could be neither seaman nor teacher.

He began working in the garment industry as a cutter. He still refers to that as his trade. By 1954 he was cutting auto upholstery in Detroit. Halstead began writing free-lance articles about auto strikes for the SWP newspaper, *The Militant*. He soon moved to New York City to join the paper's regular staff.

Between 1965 and 1973 he was involved in the anti-war movement as a leader of the SWP. "I was always pressing mass action and cutting out the wild stuff," he said.

That's Halstead's history. To find out how thick the dust had settled on this 30-year veteran, he was asked whether he expected to see revolution in his lifetime.

"It's definitely possible," he replied, "if they (the capitalists) get us into another war, for example, or tend to move in that direction – if they continue to cutback and ignite people. If they did both those things at the same time, there would be a revolution."

He paused, then corrected himself: "It would be a revolutionary situation."

Halstead admitted he has no chance of winning the gubernatorial election. But if he did win, what would it mean for students?

"We'd be against cutbacks, we would be for free higher education for all, including medical schools. We'd be in favor of affirmative action, and even quotas if necessary.

"We favor eliminating the war budget. . ." he caught himself in the middle of rhetoric, smiled sheepishly and said: "Of course, there is no California war budget, but you could do a terrific educational job, taking that position.

"All my life I've fought for civil liberties, even for those with whom I disagree," he concluded, saying he would guarantee gay rights and would decriminalize marijuana.

What about Senate Bill 1437, the rejuvenated S-1 bill?

"I don't like it," he said laughing. "It threatens all sorts of violations of civil liberties. It opens the possibility of new witch hunts."

That last statement seemed to be a key to understanding Halstead. A victim of the 1950s McCarthy witch hunts, he prepares for witch hunts of the 1970s. Overweight, immobile, patient, he is nevertheless implacable in following his chosen path.

He closed the interview with these words: "I'm optimistic because just in the short time I have lived, I have seen us accomplish a number of gains . . . civil rights . . . the women's movement. . .gay rights."

Serenade for BART riders

by Larry Kemp

"A Little Traveling Music," a two-month musical program set up by BART to entertain its patrons, may become a permanent fixture of San Francisco's transit system.

Tish Ward, BART's consumer affairs representative, said the decision will be made sometime in February.

During December and January, "A Little Traveling Music" featured 25 volunteer groups performing in the free area of the stations' concourse levels.

Initially, the program was designed "to spread cheer during the Christmas season," Ward said, but it was extended into January to better gauge public reaction.

BART received many calls favoring the continuation of the music but got no negative input, Ward said.

"It was nice to have something good happening in BART that did not cost the taxpayers anything," Ward said. "Basically, the people were just out there to have a good time."

The musicians were not paid by BART nor could they openly solicit money from riders, but they could leave a hat or an open guitar case on the floor," Ward said.

The Boston transit system started a similar program last year called "Music Under Boston." Public support was greater there than in San Francisco.

The development of "Music Under Boston" was funded by the public and had better performing locations within the stations.

Boston received a grant from the National Endowment of the Arts to continue its program, but no community group here has yet come forward, Ward said.

"In Boston they played to a captive audience because they performed on the boarding platforms," she said.

Since the groups here had to play in the open areas of the concourse levels, people "could not stop to listen because they did not know the arrival time of their trains," Ward said.

The experience gained during the trial period will make future events more organized, Ward said, because they now know the procedures in getting proper permits, and how to better schedule performances.

Photo by Lynn Carey

BART commuters travel to music.

A yummy Yin-Yang diet

by Jaime Lapus

A large lower lip means a person is constipated.

This was a sample of the physiognomic (facial feature) diagnosis techniques used by Mishio Kushi, a Japanese philosopher, during his lecture Feb. 2 in the Student Union's Barbary Coast.

The people came to listen to the formally-dressed Kushi explain cures for the world's problems. Kushi, who is in his early 60s, preaches a mixture of medicine and philosophy.

Derived from the dualistic cosmic theory of Yin and Yang (the former representing earth and female gender, the other heaven and male gender), his philosophy was that physical disorders are the results of imbalance of these forces combined with bad eating habits.

"Everything is governed by these two forces," said Kushi.

To maintain a good balance of these forces, he said, one must follow a "macrobiotic" diet: 60% whole grain cereals, 25-30% vegetables (2/3 cooked, 1/3 raw), 5-10% beans and seaweed (for protein and minerals) and 5% soup.

"What one eats makes a difference," said Kushi, discouraging consumption of fatty foods and meat. "The farther away (in the biological family tree) the food is from you, the better."

The founder of the East-West Foundation (the Boston-based institution propagating his philosophy), Kushi correlated health problems with current social "decomposition."

According to Kushi, world strife, social disorders, family and personal problems can be solved through the macrobiotic diet because "healthy individuals" make "healthy communities, societies, nations." Kushi said the macrobiotic diet is the key to harmony because it purifies both body and mind.

He mentioned a "spiritual channel" in the body (five points along an imaginary vertical line from head to the lower torso) which must be kept clean through the macrobiotic diet, meditation and chanting.

Surgical removal of any body organ, such as tonsils or the appendix, must be avoided because each helps maintain balance in the Yin-Yang counterpressure, Kushi said.

Toward the conclusion, he asked the audience to close their eyes, hands clasped in their laps. He led them in chanting.

"Om-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m. . ."

Mt. Zion

Mt. Zion Hospital, 1600 Divisadero St. in San Francisco, has set up a special telephone line to answer questions about raising infants and young children.

Barbara Krantzler, spokeswoman for the hospital's psychiatry department, said Mt. Zion's new "Warm Line" service is free and designed for parents with children up to age six.

The Warm Line number is 931-LINE.

The hospital's other psychiatric services include therapy for children, families, individuals and groups, as well as consultation and referral.

Krantzler said fees for psychiatric services are set on a sliding scale based on income.

Announcements

The Ad Club will meet on Wednesday at 4 p.m. in Student Union meeting rooms B-114 and 113. Any student interested in advertising is welcome to attend.

The Philosophy Department and the Sidney Zink Memorial Fund will sponsor a lecture by Robin Assali on "Some Topics in Action Theory" Friday at 3 p.m. in HLL 246.

Authors Margaret Henning and Anne Jardim will offer "Tips For Management-minded Women" on Monday at 7 p.m. in Knuth Hall. Free tickets must be reserved in advance from the School of Business, 469-1276.

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OPINIONS

Share the wealth

University student governments are small businesses modeled after the giant bureaucratic mess of the United States government. These governments have penchants for liberal programs and obsessions with archaic protocol and organization. The conflict of these antipodal characteristics has been responsible for the current AS budget freeze. In time it might even bring about the end of the Associated Students.

Good ideas are hard to come by, especially good ideas from student governments. However, the AS of California State University, Chico, has come up with a plan that SF State's student leaders would do well to look at.

Essentially the Chico plan, to be instituted there on a trial basis, is a revenue-sharing program that would allow students in every general AS election to designate one dollar of their activity fees to their favorite campus organizations or fifty cents to two groups.

This plan is designed to abolish problems inherent in most student governments:

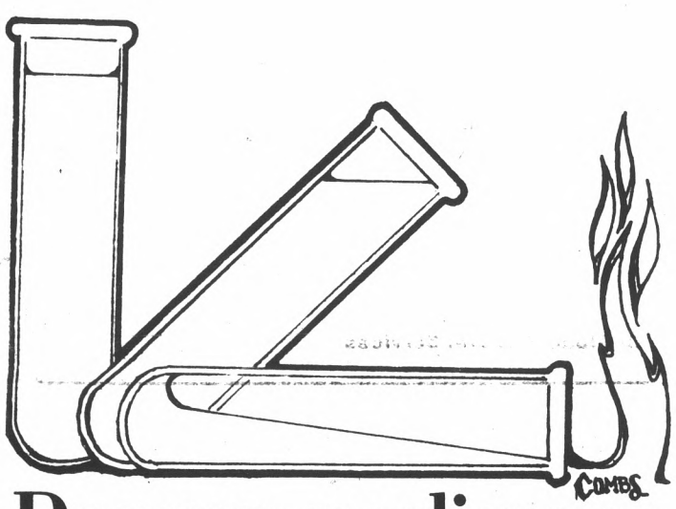
* With a voice in money decisions, more students would participate in elections. (At SF State less than 2,500 of 23,000 students voted in the last election.)

* These revenue pledges would serve as an indicator of student interest in various programs. (Here, the Child Care Center ate up nine percent of the budget and served 0.7 percent of the student population).

* AS budget committees would be unable to say that lopsided special interest budget proposals benefit a large segment of the university community. Last year's budget hearings here were generally regarded as a series of bad jokes. Many groups did not get a chance to adequately justify their budget requests at the hearings. Romberg used these shoddy hearings as a basis for freezing the AS budget.

If the AS can come up with a workable budget by the end of the fiscal year to avoid corporate dissolution by Romberg, it will then have to take steps to regain its credibility – credibility that has been marginal at best for the last handful of years.

While the Chico plan may not be perfect, it is a vast improvement over no budget, no AS, and no representation.



Danger: negligence

by Frank Edson

The School of Science could find itself in serious trouble if the careless handling of potentially dangerous chemicals is not brought under control.

Two recently revealed incidents, one in which a bottle of ether was left on a classroom floor, have brought the problem into focus.

According to Bill Insley, physics equipment technician, a dangerous chemical was found in the desk of a professor who is no longer employed by the university.

Tom Orr, former equipment technician, considered the problem dangerous enough for it to influence his decision to find employment elsewhere.

Now working in Brisbane, Orr described the situation as "flagrant," and said little has been done by instructors and administrators to bring the problem under control.

Some officials have shrugged off the seriousness of the problem by claiming that undergraduates do not have access to potentially dangerous drugs.

But Fred Dorer, Chemistry Department chairman, acknowledged that a lawsuit could have resulted had an unknowning students been injured by stepping on or tipping over the explosive ether.

Insley, perhaps correctly, blamed the problem on ignorance. "If people know that these things were taking place, they would be in a better position to do something about it," he said. Efforts to deal with the problem have faltered, in part because a faculty safety committee has not convened in several months. The status of the committee still is undetermined, while the hazardous incidents remain unchecked and the safety of students and others is at stake.

The faculty committee initially was set up to act on recommendations of a technical staff committee. The latter continues to meet, but its effectiveness in this matter has been negated because of the absence of a more powerful body to investigate its recommendations regarding safety.

Insley, a member of the technical committee, suggested his committee be given power to act on its own recommendations.

This proposal, in addition to the formation of a Hazardous Substance Review Committee, would be an intelligent way to study the problem.

The control of chemicals–from the time they leave stockrooms to the time they are used or shelved–must be investigated. As it is now, little is known of chemicals after they leave the stockroom.

The problem is too serious to be handled in such a haphazard manner.

PHOENIX
SPRING 1978

Phoenix *is a weekly laboratory newspaper published during the school year by the Department of Journalism, San Francisco State University. The opinions of the* Phoenix *editorial board are expressed in unsigned editorials. The content of* Phoenix *does not necessarily reflect the policies or opinions of the Department of Journalism or of the university administration.*

Research for some of the articles appearing in Phoenix *was made possible by a grant from the Reader's Digest Foundation.*

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Concrete news and views from the Union basement

by Eric Newton

* Scene: the AS Office. From out of the past comes an ex-AS officer's phone call. Congratulations for the new officers? No. He has questions about budget forms, according to Toni Stadlman, the office secretary who hung up on him after he refused to identify himself.

Later, same office: irate ex-officer confronts Stadlman and threatens to punch him if he cuts short another phone call.

Wayne Lukaris, AS boss, calls campus cops. No violence. Ex-officer goes away with budget request form.

* "It would be wonderful," says House Speaker Steve Rafter, speaker of the AS legislature, "if people came to the AS legislature meetings." But now it's twice as hard to find the rooms.

The Student Union Governing Board after two years of debate, changed the names of their basement meeting rooms from Conference Rooms A-E to Embarcadero Rooms A-E. Meeting rooms B112-119 are now bestowed with the names of decorator colors, from the Sunset Room to Casa Madrugal.

The board almost blew it. Originally, Madrugal was spelled with an "i" instead of "u". But Madrigal doesn't mean anything," awake board member and Spanish major Jeannie Bullis said. So, they changed the letter and the name became "house of dawn".

Seconded. Passed. So be it.

Now that the rooms are renamed, the labels stay the same. "Don't expect the plaques (outside the rooms) to change overnight," says Lou Bauer, Union manager.

Translation: the names will have to combined so people will know where they are going. Alumni room B112, Sunset B112. Isn't government wonderful?

* Joyce Shimizu squeaked by Deacon Butterworth (vote: 6 to 5) to become new SUGB chairwoman.

Undaunted, Butterworth wants two other jobs: AS corporate secretary *and* SUGB vice-chairman in charge of the budget. Lou Bauer says Butterworth will have to abstain from all votes which concern both groups.

The obvious question: why put someone in a voting job when he can't vote? I abstain.

* Big Enchilada restaurant on the way out? Bauer now has the power to send it off to the big taco in the sky.

Reason: seems the enchilada owners wanted to switch ownership to two other fellows. The January rent came in under two other names.

* With all my sources I can't figure out his middle name. Newspaper libraries don't have it. Biographical sketches don't carry it. And the most upsetting thing is that we have to use the initial – Paul *F.* Romberg – without knowing what the *F.* means.

If you know what Romberg's *F.* means, send me a note. If you are the first one you'll get your name in the paper, somehow. *Phoenix* is in HLL 207.

* Noticed: while I was sitting in the Union Depot, looking down on the AS officers while they ate after a meeting:

Deacon Butterworth, looking ivy leagueish in his natty red flannel vest, sits at a table with *the* people: Wayne Lukaris, Robin Lynn Cox, Richard Sevilla, Steve Rafter, and Pat Clements.

Who are they? How in the hell should I know? You pay their salaries – you tell me.

Lukaris looks at his watch. Rafter wolfed down a bagel and some brown liquid from a health food jar. Clements devours chicken. They sit and talk and I wonder if it's an open AS meeting. Remember the Lowenbrau commerical: "Here's to good friends, tonight is something special. . ."

Goodbye junkfood -- hello champagne

by Joyce Lodwick

San Francisco is an expensive place to live.

Students, even if they have part-time jobs, are usually short on cash.

Putting these two facts together means that a student in San Francisco has a rough go of it in making money last. However, some students, myself included, insist on maintaining a champagne lifestyle on a chicken-pot pie budget. It is possible.

Aside from rent, a student (or anyone, for that matter) spends a large amount of money on food. Everyone likes to eat. I've learned a few things which enable me to eat well.

Most importantly–stay away from junk food. No one needs candy and soft drinks to survive. They are expensive and notoriously unhealthy. If you must buy a carbonated beverage, buy beer. I'm serious. Beer is cheaper than cola, and it at least has some nutritional value. Fruit juices are the best buys of all, though, and there are many kinds other than orange juice.

TV dinners are out. They, too, are expensive, and I'm always suspicious as to what actually goes into them.

Chicken and hamburger are less expensive per serving. Besides, anyone who is in college should be intelligent enough to know how to stick a chicken leg in the oven and bake it.

Some package dinners are good buys. Maybe I'm weird, but I actually like them. My personal favorite is Kraft macaroni and cheese ($ .29 per box.) I'm also partial to Rice-a-Roni (the San Francisco treat). If you can stomach them, packaged dinners are cheap, if nothing else.

Watch for bargains on fresh vegetables. They taste better than frozen or canned vegetables and often cost less. Anyone who knows how to boil water can cook fresh vegetables.

Whenever possible, buy your store's house brands (such as Lucky's "Lady Lee"). The products are usually packed for the store by a well-known company, and they are just as good as higher-priced brands. For example, I buy house brand coffee and save over $1 a jar. I even buy house brand toilet paper, as well as dairy products, canned goods and other items.

If you're living by yourself, don't buy more than you can eat. A great buy on a gallon of milk isn't that great if half of it spoils before you can drink it.

Fruits and vegetables do not keep long. Meat spoils, too, if it's not frozen.

For those like me who are smokers should buy cartons of cigarettes. Buying individual packs is a waste of money. You can save up to 20 cents per pack by buying cartons.

Pack a lunch if you have to eat at school or work. Carrying a sack lunch may bring back memories of grammar school, but if you're going to spend money eating out, wouldn't you rather eat at a nice restaurant on Friday night than grab a quick sandwich and race to class?

I try to follow these shopping tips closely. If I do, I save enough to splurge on the things I really like (avocados, Scotch). Watching your budget doesn't mean eating pot pies every night. It means keeping an eye out for bargains and, above all, shopping intelligently.

For re-entry students school begins at 30

by Robert Rubino

A 30-year-old athlete is called a "veteran." A 30-year-old actor is often labeled "rising star." A 30-year-old teacher is, at least, "established."

But, at best, a 30-year-old student could be described graciously as a "late bloomer."

Now, it's not the only birthday in one's life with some sort of symbolism attached to it. But 30 is surely a semi-traumatic milestone for the late-blooming student–even at SF State where the average age of students is an unusually elderly 25.

Students well over 30 are the "re-entry" types–mostly women who have raised families and who now seek some individualistic, cerebral satisfaction. Students in their 20s, no matter how ambitious, have the luxury of pretending they have time on their side, a 30th birthday still looming far beyond the horizon, seemingly remote and unreachable.

And college students under 21, God bless them, are people who ought to be kicked out into the real world for at least a year or two.

But for the 30-year-old undergraduate student it's difficult to ignore the frequent, frantic rushes of adrenalin euphemistically called anxiety. Thirty is panic time.

Thirty is when you realize that maybe there have been some mistakes, some wasted years, some failures, and perhaps a rude interruption (the Viet Nam war), and that now it is indeed time to get on with it, to set goals and to truly commit time and effort in the pursuit of those goals. Motivation through desperation. Deadline psychology.

There is generally no support for 30-year-old students. There are no role models. By 30 most people have made it, for better or for worse, at careers and they may have bills but they're finished with school and they've got some real spending money, too. It's so much easier to be poor at 23.

Of course there's a less dramatic side to the 30-year-old student. As a late-bloomer, the 30-year-old can assume a persona of experience and maturity, an air of dignity or leadership or elite aloofness–and sometimes with a straight face, too.

There are morals to this little tale and they are cliches, but little tales and the trauma of turning 30 are cliches, too. You are as young as you feel. Life begins at 30. The best is yet to come.

But that awful myth which was born in the 60s must forever be buried. You can, indeed, trust persons over 30.

Some of my best friends are persons over 30.

LETTERS

Safety snafu

I found last week's **Phoenix** article on SF State's new public safety commission most disturbing. It infuriates me that, not only has the group not met yet, but eight of the nine filled positions (two are unfilled) are held by men. The recent upsurge of violent crimes on campus are being perpetrated by men against women. Clearly, the needs of women are not being met. I am sick to death of the lip service that SF State women are continually being given by the administration.

I am also angered by the appointment of police officer Bill Obershaw to the commission; his attitude towards women is anything but safety-minded. In a 6 Oct. '77 **Phoenix** interview "Cruising With the Campus Cops," Mr. Obershaw makes a most telling comment about campus women:

"As Bullock (Obershaw's partner) eases the patrol car out of the Corporation Yard and onto Tapia Way, the first students are beginning to arrive on campus. At a crosswalk he stops to give a pretty girl the right of way. 'Look at the lunch on her,' says Obershaw, his jaw dropping nearly to his chest. 'Good God.'"

What assurance do I have that Obershaw doesn't view women who are raped as "asking for it?" This is **not** a person I want protecting me.

Lastly, as a woman, a student, and a member of the Women's Safety Patrol here on campus (a volunteer women's collective that is doing something), I am outraged that, at a college of 25,000 students, not one single one was chosen to be a part of the commission. Concerned with student needs, are they? I hardly think so. This "public safety commission" will serve only one purpose: to give those who are appointed a prestige mark for their personal files. Oh, the costs to insure pacification of the women on this campus!

Paula Kotakis

Illegal aliens

The Third World students of SF State and particulularly the students who have addressed a complaint to the **Phoenix** in regards to the article "Illegal aliens taxing California's budget and patience," wish to know when you are going to take action on this issue. Your continued indifference to the matter lends us to believe that you really do "stand by" that fascist account of the situation undocumented persons face in this country. Further, we are puzzled as to why you should be so offended at being called fascist. You weren't so sensitive when you accused undocumented workers of ripping off U.S. citizens, or when you saw fit to point the finger of guilt at the undocumented workers for unemployment problems in California. It seems strange to us that your faculty advisor should wave a bloody shirt at us and claim that we "blew it" by calling the **Phoenix** fascist. If you had intentions to correct your mistakes what difference would that make? And if you had decided to leave the article intact then we will stand by our decision to address the article and its source as fascist.

You have the nerve to insult the people of the Southwest, who were here long before California was a state, and imply that we are somehow getting a free ride off the labor of U.S. citizens. Mexican labor has always been exploited for the benefit of U.S. industry; here and in Mexico. The flow of migration has always been determined by the extent U.S. industry could exploit Mexican labor. America does not belong to the U.S. government by the grace of God; this land and everything on it was acquired through wars. The brutalization of the undocumented worker is a continuation of the violence which the U.S. has used to maintain control of the land and the people on it.

The article furthers hostility between U.S. workers and Mexican workers. You promote the idea that the U.S. "taxpayer" must protect himself against these "aliens." In your article a people, who have been a major force in the development of this country, cease to be human and become just another "problem." The basic fascist thrust of your article lies in the assumption that the problems of undocumented workers and U.S. citizens lies in our elimination, and though you do not come right out and say, "send them back where they came from. . .," you may have done worse by propagating vicious misconceptions which justify a war on undocumented workers.

Huey Long once said that "if fascism came to America it would be under a program of Americanism." In your article and in articles like it, you begin to draw the lines. You assume that there is a distinction between U.S. taxpayers and undocumented workers, between American property owners and the landless poor, between Americans and non-Americans. You fail to point out that U.S. citizens are suffering the same abuses undocumented workers are because of race and nationality, and that U.S. industry abroad is exploiting countries far more than the poor that come to this country just for their basic survival.

Richard Talavera
La Raza organization
S.K.I.N.S.
A.S.U.
Anti-Bakke Decision Coalition

Safety overlooked at night

Continued from Page 1

buses could operate later at night.

A letter to Plant Operations from Curtis E. Green, Muni general manager, said that although Green is not indifferent to safety, the additional service would cost too much.

Green said people don't ride late-night buses because "patrons do not like to be out late at night."

There are now only single entrances into dorms after 10 p.m. According to the report, resident hall guests must "log in" and be met at the door by the hostess.

Don Finlayson, director of housing, said students began to resent I.D. checks in dormitories after 10 p.m. and the volunteer procedure fell apart.

"It only lasted those initial weeks," he said, "and it's one of those things we would do again in an emergency, but can only be considered temporary."

A new dorm key control policy, put down in the Nov. 14 report, has not been implemented. Finlayson said an order for new locks was made 30 days ago and is expected any time.

After the new locks are installed the new keys will be issued to the dorm staff of about 20 people, he said.

Finlayson said by next fall a proposed change in dorm key policy will mean new fines and new guidelines for handling the keys.

"Clumping spots" — designated meeting places for students who want to walk to night classes in a group — are not being used, according to Hector Esparza, Merced Hall resident.

Finlayson said students are hesitant to wait alone in clumping spots at night.

The clumping spots are marked by flourescent rings on various light poles around campus. The dorm lounges are clumping spots but they are not marked.

The most recent additions to the list of campus problems came from the University police. They met with 73 custodians to hear verbal suggestions, said Fred Andrews, acting police chief.

The ten "most frequent suggestions" were submitted to Andrews. They are:

1) Better control of keys.

2) Instructors and staff should lock doors and close windows.

3) Turn off coffee pots.

4) Enforce the dog and pet policy in all buildings.

5) Inform University police immediately in suspicious circumstances.

6) Windows in BSS should be repaired.

7) Doors and windows in the Arts and Industry, Natural Science, and Physical Education buildings need repair.

8) Coffee funds and petty cash funds should be locked up, as well as all items of value.

9) Ticket boxes should be open at 4:45 p.m. so custodians can buy parking tickets and report to work on time.

10) Notifications to the University police so the department can follow up on complaints.

These suggestions and others are among those to be presented by Andrews to the Public Safety Commission.

Finlayson, chairman of the Commission, said the Commission's first meeting is scheduled for next week.

The final two commission members have been named. They are Quinn Millar, BCA associate professor, and Peggy Smith from the counseling bureau.

Threat to eliminate the AS

Continued from Page 1

passed to allow the officers to complete a budget, she said.

AS officers said a budget will be passed "sometime in March."

The budget must be signed by Romberg for final approval.

Romberg objected to informing students yearly of their right to eliminate student government, saying such efforts might be taken as "interest on the part of the administration to proceed on this matter."

If five percent of the students on campus sign a petition calling for dissolution of the AS, a referendum must be scheduled.

Romberg said students are routinely informed of their referendum rights if they contest the payment of AS fees in the Auxilliary Accounting or Student Affairs office.

On two occasions last week a *Phoenix* reporter visited the Student Activities office. Both times, he was told by a secretary that there was no way to get his fees back. Referendum rights were not mentioned.

On the political issue, Romberg wrote: "No support or attempt to influence legislation is allowed."

Dalton said the activity of political organizations at SF State is "increasing" and that "a lawyer should look into it" for Romberg.

Romberg said apathy is the reason why special interest groups control the AS.

"Apathy is apparent by low student participation (in elections and meetings)."

Romberg wrote that AS involvement with ethnic and women's programs has "accelerated" since 1975.

Romberg didn't comment on the campus Child Care Center or the fact that the AS uses about $2 of every $5 it collects to administer the other $3.

Dalton said the high operating costs were due in part to duplication of effort. He said the AS general manager and the Auxiliary Accounting office have done similar jobs in the past.

Wayne Lukaris, AS president, said the position of general manager has been eliminated since the audit.

Dalton said no deadline has been set for the enactment of the Board's recommendations.

Romberg was not available for comment.

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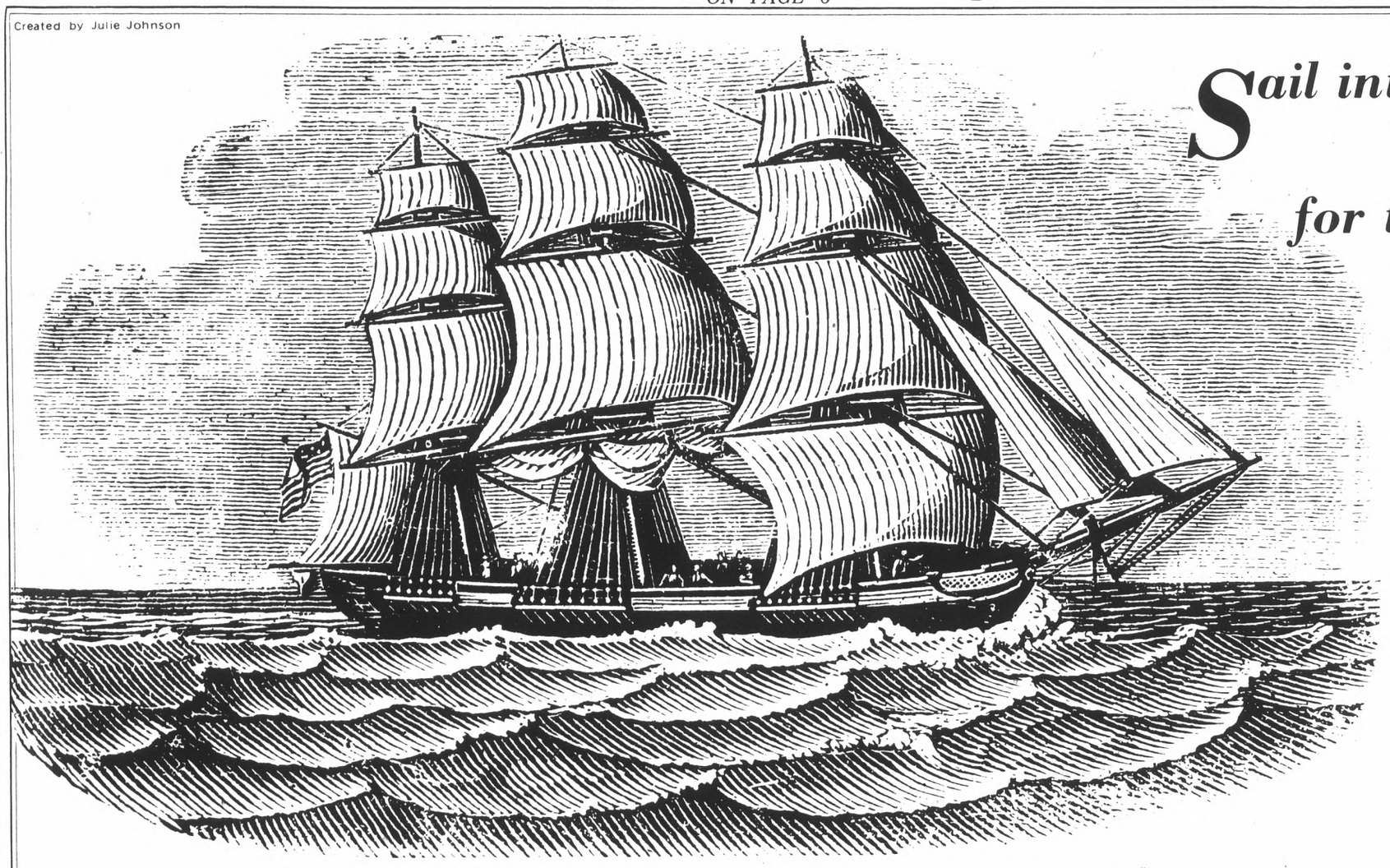

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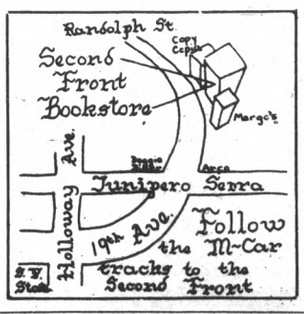


SPORTS

ROUNDUP

by Michael Torcellini

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL – Gooch Foster's team extended its record to 7-1 with a 73-27 trouncing of Cal State Fresno last Saturday. . . The women cagers meet powerful **UCLA** Friday here. Tipoff at 8 p.m.

WRESTLING – SF State's team squeaked a 21-21 tie Mon. night here against Sac State . . . **John Monolakis, Scott Osterholdt** and **Vince Belser** all won their matches . . . Gators conference record is now 2-2-1 . . . **Allen Abraham's** men are now prepping for the FWC championship in Davis (Feb. 18, 10 a.m.).

MEN'S GYMNASTICS – The men's gymnastics team spent last weekend up in Rohnert Park for a tri-meet against Cal State Sonoma and Cal State Chico and came back with a second place finish. The Gators' 136.50 point total was good enough to place them 16th in Division II of the national rankings. **Jim Arend** and **Chris Harris** put in the finest performance of the day. **Arend** placed second on the pummel horse while **Harris** finished third in vaulting.

Dennis Williams

Peter Hansen

MEN'S BASKETBALL – **Dennis Williams** knocked in 21 points for the Gators in their 58-57 victory over Cal State Chico last Friday . . . The next night he netted 26 in a loss to Humboldt State (81-69). **Big D** shot 11-13 against Humboldt and also pulled 10 rebounds . . . Gators travel to UC Davis (Sat., 8 p.m.) for a Far Western conference game.

MEN'S SWIMMING – **Peter Hansen** helped the swim team dunk Southern Oregon 42-37 last Friday with a first place finish in the 100-meter free style and a second in the 200-meter individual medley. The Gators are preparing for the FWC Championships which take place Feb. 23-25 in Sacramento.

TENNIS – Tennis anyone? The Gators open up against USF here on Monday . . . The varsity's tentative playing order is: **Mike Manicucci, Steve Beroldo, Robin Tan, Ray Jeung, Elmer Reyes, Roger Page, Willy Lizarrga, Tommy Shea, Tom Bard, Mark Heuman** and **Dave Fyee**.

An enthusiast works hard to find his form. Photo by Michael Musser

Snow finally arrives; skiers planting poles

by Michael Musser

Swoosh.

Ski season is here.

I hastily took to the slopes of the Sierra for a last-minute attempt to stretch the fading semester break.

With no motel reservation and only three hours of sleep after a long day at work I headed for Lake Tahoe.

I arrived at the South Shore, rolling past the motel signs glowing in the pines.

As the forecast said, the next morning was crisp and cold.

Heavenly Valley was my destination.

When I entered the parking lot it was plain to see that neither a $15 lift ticket nor the threat of sore muscles had deterred other skiers.

Luckily the ticket lines at the resort were orderly and quick — a small gratuity for the dedicated sportsman.

A quick check followed. Lift ticket attached to pants, skis, boots, and bindings secure. And, bingo, a ride up the lift to the top of the mountain.

At the top was snow, snow, snow, and more snow. I had discovered enough white magic to please any nordic enthusiast.

At Heavenly Valley, they claim as much as nine feet of pack at the higher elevations.

Anyway, who could gripe? Old Man ---- had us all ready to break out an old pair of rockaskis for this year, until Mother Nature gave us a reprieve.

It was a born-again feeling to slide and slip down the soft white slopes of the mountain.

I found it.

Ragged at first, I became more composed. After a short stop at the lift line and a sip of wine from the botabag, it was time for another audition for "Downhill Racer."

When you're hooked on the sport there is no relief for the fever.

Skiers want that one more run.

"Go for it, boogie in the bumps," I could hear an excited spectator shout.

The Blue Angel Ski Team was busy proving the axiom that skiing is a subjective sport – one only gets out of it the practice one puts into it.

Limber and agile, they showed off for the mesmerized audience.

I watched them ski as I reevaluated my intermediate capabilities.

I had not skied for over a year. I felt exhilarated and refreshed. Momentarily I was on top of the world.

Everyone was having a good time and I too had experienced a new awareness. Perhaps I identified with a hawk. I was feeling aggressive and powerful while gliding down the side of the mountain.

As the day wore on, I wore down.

No bird flies forever. It was time for a hot cider, or a cold beer.

I chose the comfort of the lift for the return to the chalet.

Most of the skiers made it safely to the lodge.

Breathing hard, exhaling vapor from their mouths in the cold of the afternoon shade, they hurried to step out of their bindings and head for the warmth of the bar.

There is a no more fitting environment for a recap of the day.

In the background, skiers exchanged anecdotes that ranged from a hot-dogger's self-praise to the enduring agonies of the snow-plower's first day on the slopes.

There was talk of bruises, sore legs and the remedy of booze.

Despite the pains of a busy day, there was optimism. Arrangements were made for the next day of skiing.

I was one of the unfortunate. I had to return home and prepare for school.

With a full day of skiing under my suspenders and a long drive ahead, I finished my hot cider.

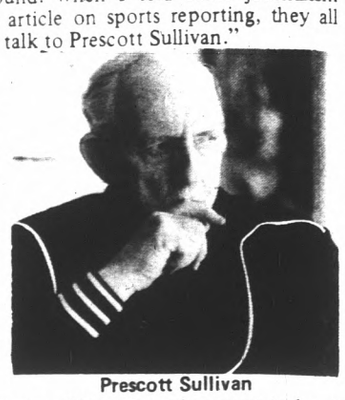
I didn't feel bad. It will snow again soon, and you can bet your bindings I'll be back.

ED LIT

Nice guys finish first

As the door opened to the spacious house in St. Francis Wood, I finally saw him.

I heard so much about the man. Everyone said he was the nicest guy around. When I told some journalism teachers about my article on sports reporting, they all said, "You must go talk to Prescott Sullivan."



Prescott Sullivan

He was tall, well over my height of 5'10". And slim, not at all like the fat-cat sportswriter image that flashed through my mind. He looked like an athlete, dressed in a green golf shirt, nylon warm-up jacket and tan khakis.

He was distinctive, with a drooping moustache to match his full head of silver hair. Put him into a three piece suit with wing tip shoes and he could have passed for a Montgomery St. brokerage house president.

I called a day earlier and asked if he could spend some time with me. He said, "Sure, come over after class."

He said he started by accident. When he was 17, his brother-in-law was sports editor at the *San Francisco Bulletin*. Sullivan was not attending classes regularly at Poly-Tech High School, so his relative asked him to go to a football game and write a story. He knew nothing about reporting and ended up writing something in long hand.

One story led to another and a permanent job was his, for the next fifty years. He became one of the most widely read columnists in San Francisco, although he admits he wasn't as good a writer as Wells Twombly and others.

Sullivan did not take sports seriously. He said, "It's ridiculous to get worked up over a kid's game. I always try to make my columns amusing."

To illustrate how serious Sullivan took his writing, he could not remember many subjects of his columns. He is not senile or absent-minded.

When I pressed him, he came up with two.

He remembered being at the Winter Olympics in Squaw Valley. It was very cold. He watched the band perform at the opening ceremonies and a trumpet player caught his attention.

The trumpet never left his lips. He thought this guy was an amazing player, never having to come up for air.

He kept his eye on this fellow and followed him off the field. When he caught up with him, he asked how it was done.

The player motioned that the trumpet was stuck to his lips because of the cold.

Sullivan wrote a column about it.

His other memorable column started out as a memo to his editor.

Sullivan's dog had just died and he was upset. He didn't feel like writing and told the editor.

The dog had meant so much to him. All he could think about was his longtime friend.

The editor accepted the memo and printed it as the column.

Sullivan received more mail for this heartwarming story than any other he wrote in his long career.

Sports and sports reporting are fine, as long as there will be persons like Prescott Sullivan around.

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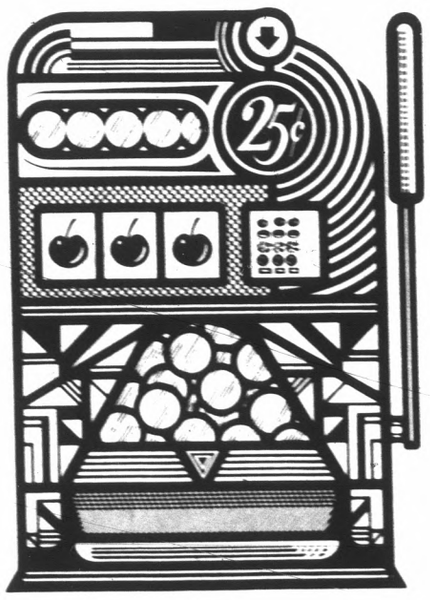

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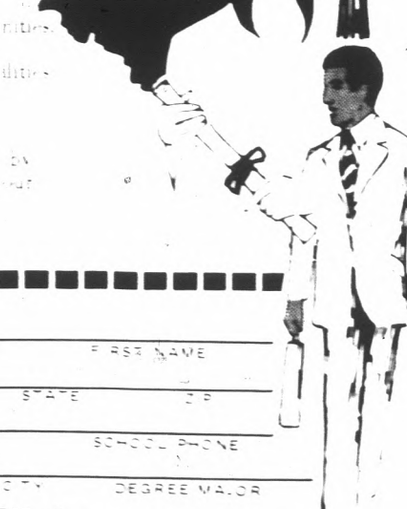

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Pam Davis stretching for the one-minute mark in the 100-yard freestyle. Photo by Gary Cameron

Swimmers reach new records

By Frank Aragona

During the past few months Blythe Anderson and Pam Davis, the "Dynamic Duo" of SF State women's swim team, have been busy breaking school records and generally enjoying the competitive aspects of swimming.

But they weren't always interested in swimming competitively.

"I was taking lessons," said Anderson, who recently broke the school record in the 500-yard freestyle, "and the lady that was watching me said, 'Get her on a team.'" So Anderson joined the Albany Blue Dolphins, and she's been competing ever since.

Davis, holder of SF State's 50-and 100-yard freestyle records, talked about how she first became interested in swimming competitively.

"One day, my father asked me if I wanted to swim in races," said Davis, "and I told him OK."

And so, the Gators' two leading women swimmers began their careers.

Before coming to SF State, Anderson swam for Laney College in Oakland where she was a J.C. All-American.

Davis has been swimming on and off for the past 12 years. After competing for Marin and Tamalpais swim clubs and participating in the AAU swimming program, she withdrew from the competitive side of the sport in order to concentrate on coaching kids.

"After I was coaching," said Davis, "I found out that I missed competing. I like to be challenged."

Anderson also cited similar reasons for her participation in the sport.

"Swimming is very challenging and it's rewarding enough to keep me going," she said.

SF State's swimmers usually swim more than 10,000 yards a day. Practices, which are a combination of sprint and endurance work, last three hours. In the morning workout, swimmers do about 3000 yards and usually cover 7000 yards in the afternoon session.

"Swimming is a demanding sport," said Davis. "You can't really compare it to other sports. It's tough. You have to build up endurance and you have to learn to regulate your breathing. We also have to get up at 5 a.m. so we can get here to swim in the morning."

Anderson opted to come to SF State instead of going to a school with a big time swimming program for academic reasons.

"Some people thought I should have gone to Cal, but I'm an arts and humanities major, and they don't have my department."

Davis, a physical education major who hopes to coach someday, came to SF State for academic reasons and "because my friends were coming here."

Whatever their reasons for attending SF State, swim coach Connie Birkie is glad they're here.

"Blyth is a very self-disciplined person," said Birkie. "She's a hard worker who never loafs and she tries her best at all times. Pam hasn't swam for years, but she really took up a personal challenge to get back in shape. Coming back like that is a very hard thing to do, but Pam could do the best time of her life in the next meet."

Both Anderson and Davis are working toward specific goals.

Anderson, a junior, wants to qualify for the national championships in March.

Davis would like to break the one-minute mark in the 100-yard freestyle. She is now nine-tenths of a second away from doing it.

This year's team hasn't won a dual meet, but Anderson and Davis have created a lot of excitement.

The Gators will host the Golden West Conference championships at noon on Friday and on Saturday morning, Feb. 10 and 11.

Women find a shooter

by Larry Espinola

At 3 p.m., with most students preparing to go home, Kim Miller goes to the gymnasium for two hours of running up and down a basketball court. Her afternoons have always been busy; in earlier years she dashed from swimming to dancing to piano playing after school.

Last year Miller helped the SF State women's basketball team to its best season ever -- a 22-5 record and a conference title.

This season, as a junior, she is enjoying her best season, averaging 20 points a contest in the last seven games. Her turnaround jumper shot has been unstoppable. For the 20-year-old psychology major, sports has been a big part of her life.

"I guess you could say I was sort of a tomboy," she said. "There were a lot of boys on the block and I was the only girl, but I was never the last one picked when it came time to choosing teams. When we played football I was usually the quarterback or wide receiver."

Miller was a versatile child.

"I took dance, ballet, jazz, tap and piano lessons," she said. "I did things little boys did and things little girls did. I was either out there playing football or inside practicing the piano."

Along with playing football, she played basketball in the family backyard. Then she joined the bobby-sox girls softball league and a swimming team.

Her mother would drive her from one practice to another. Miller would change clothes in the car. Sometimes when there wasn't enough time she would show up at dance class in a basketball uniform.

In her last season at Rio Americana High School in Sacramento, she led her team to an 18-0 record with a 17.0 average.

Miller said she came to SF State in part because of some articles she had read on Gooch Foster, the women's basketball coach.

"I knew she was a good coach," Miller said.

The transistion from high school to college athletics proved to be more difficult than she expected.

"I didn't have to work that hard in high school," Miller said. "Everyone here at SF State was probably the best in their own high schools. And Foster is such a super coach; she can make you really put out a lot."

Not everything has gone well for Miller. In three years she has had tendonitis in both knees, a hip injury, sprained ankles and two sprained muscles in her back. Yet you'll still see Miller playing almost the entire game.

"I read the articles where Foster said she's expecting a lot from Kim Miller this year," she said. "Last year I was put in a position where I couldn't shoot my turnaround jumper and maybe I just didn't have the confidence. We were always keying on Dianna Grayer (the leading scorer for the last three seasons), throwing the ball into her. I love throwing it into her because I feel like I've made the two points by my pass to her. This year if Dianna is not open maybe I have a chance at making the point."

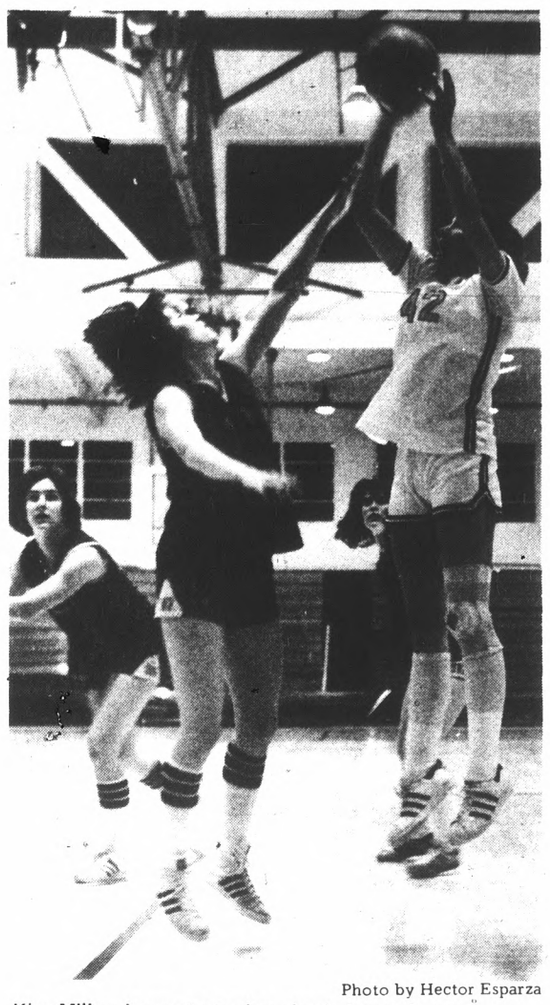

Photo by Hector Esparza
Kim Miller demonstrates her classic jump shot.

During a game Miller appears to be another Chris Evert, rarely showing any emotion on her face, which could be the reason she hasn't been noticed.

"I've been playing here for three years and someone asked my roommate, 'Where did Kim Miller come from? I saw her shoot a lot of points the other night,'" Miller said. "I guess I'm just one of those players you don't notice very much."

Her opponents notice her.

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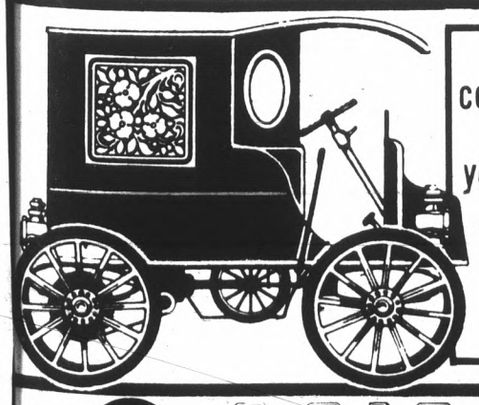

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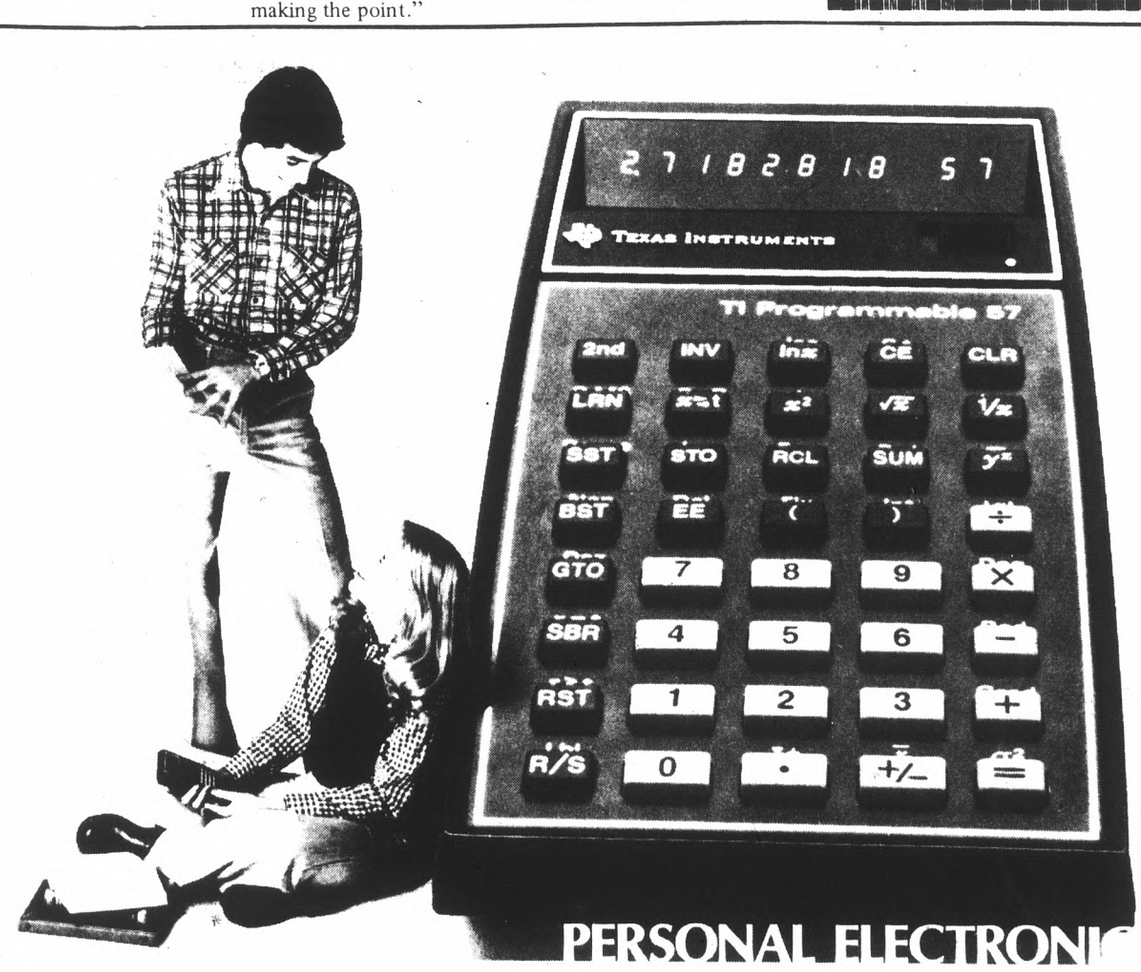
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Spreading the fever

by Robert Rubino

It's advertised as a disco movie and it stars an actor famed for delivering one-liners on a laugh-tracked TV sit-com.

So who needs to depart with precious greenbacks to see some trashy teenie-bop flick, right?

Wrong.

Saturday Night Fever is no more a disco movie than *Rocky* is a fight film or *Deliverance* a canoeing story.

From the instant John Travolta appears in close-up, the audience is unexpectedly and irresistibly pulled into the emotionally charged, tough realism of this remarkable film.

Excitingly directed by John Badham, *Saturday Night Fever* is visually stunning with Badham synchronizing the driving disco music with alternating camera angles. It's a technique similar to Stanley Kubrick's in certain parts of *A Clockwork Orange*. Badham also borrows rather generously from *West Side Story*.

It's been 17 years since *West Side Story* was made into a film, and more than 20 years since it was performed on stage. The theme of teenage survival in a soul destroying urban jungle is as powerfully relevant today, unfortunately, as it has been in the two decades since *West Side Story*.

In *Saturday Night Fever*, the music has changed, the locale has shifted a few miles, and there are no pretensions of *Romeo and Juliet* type romances. That's for sure -- especially with dialogue such as: "...now you're a cunt," and "...forget it, just gimme a blow job."

If hearing this sort of language on film is repulsive to you, stay away from *Saturday Night Fever*. The language is there constantly; it's as much a part of *Saturday Night Fever's* characters as their fatalistic attitudes and their uncontrollable energies.

The language is brutal, moronic, and a little frightening; it's also probably the most accurate New York City adolescent street talk ever captured in a non-documentary.

There are so many similarities, though, between *West Side Story* and *Saturday Night Fever*, that one can't help but suspect a pseudo remake rip-off.

West Side Story featured white males banded together, calling themselves "Jets." In *Saturday Night Fever*, they're called "Faces." The adversary gang in *West Side Story* was a group of Puerto Rican youths, the "Sharks." The Puerto Ricans in *Saturday Night Fever* are the "Barracudas."

As in *West Side Story*, *Saturday Night Fever* uses its beautifully photographed and ritualistically choreographed dance sequences to communicate the seething, massive tensions of the lower middle class youths. And like *West Side Story*, *Saturday Night Fever* opens with a silent, expansive helicopter view of the ugly urban sprawl.

But there's no rip-off. Relevancy, bold and moving relevancy, makes every scene in *Saturday Night Fever* legitimate.

John Travolta portrays the slender, muscular Tony, a 19-year-old Brooklyn paint-store-clerk. Transcending all that on Saturday nights at 2001 Odyssey, a kaleidoscopic disco joint, Tony becomes king because he loves to dance, and he dances better than anyone else.

But if that's all we were shown, we would see nothing more than a sexy-looking stereotype, an Italian Robert Redford at 19. Travolta shows us so much more.

We see Tony standing proudly and seriously in front of his bedroom mirror, naked except for his black bikini underwear. Tony is a gladiator, but in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge in 1977 he dons the armor for a different kind of battle -- the battle for purpose and identity: gold chains with a cross and amulets and charms, platform shoes, blood red shirt and skin tight pants.

Tony is trapped like everyone else of his class. But unlike most of the others, he is sensitive and completely honest. His heroes are Al Pacino as *Serpico* -- the quintessent honest man, and Sylvester Stallone as *Rocky* -- the man able to transcend the suffocating mediocrity of his environment.

Tony is insecure, without confidence outside the disco. His family life is a heartbreaking experience of pessimism, ignorance and repression, and he gets no encouragement.

In a dramatic scene that at least two audiences thought was a million laughs, Tony dons his older brother's clerical collar and mocks self-strangulation. Maybe it's a funny scene. For at least one ex-Catholic, though, that scene was a very somber statement of what it feels to be 19 and realize that all you've believed are lies.

At first glance, *Saturday Night Fever* is a bit heavy on the sensational. There's an attempted rape, a gang bang, stabbings, beatings, face slappings and a suicide to go along with the less-than-eloquent dialogue.

But it's an honest film, which is more than several currently popular movies can state. *Saturday Night Fever* is strong, very strong in every sense.

And best of all, after all the anger and sexuality has exploded, *Saturday Night Fever* gives us the most charming, convincing and utterly idealistic ending: boy gets girl *without* sex. The platonic finale is like a refreshing, sweet calm after a chaotic storm.

"We'll just be friends," they agree. It's a beautifully revolutionary ending.

Damn it, those silly newspaper ads are absolutely correct. The fever *is* spreading. Catch it.

photo by Gary Cameron

Albirda Rose (above), SF State dance instructor, and Araba Mudiwa (right), brought the audience to its feet at Laney College in Oakland last Sunday.

A Rose blooms

by Dick Thompson

More than a year ago I saw my first modern dance performance. It was powerful. I'm a writer and the words in books and plays are the things that usually move me. So I was surprised when I became emotionally involved in dance. Dance is fun and sad and sensual and frightening and all the emotions people have ever felt. Dance communicates, without words.

Albirda Rose and Friends in Concert brought some of the very best in dance to Laney College in Oakland last weekend. Rose has taught dance at SF State for four years and many of her "friends" are people she has worked with here. Yet the night was a personal relationship with one woman, as she danced, read her poetry, sang, directed and choreographed the movements on stage.

My Man was a Rose poem translated into dance by Oshun Toki, a powerful performer who has performed in Nigeria and Jamaica.

Maybe a Dream was a sensuous, warm love affair of movement. Toki and Araba Mudiwa flowed effortlessly. The soft lights and the gentle music seemed to emanate from the dancers themselves.

Rose once said, "The emotions are engraved in the muscles; in dance we find them all over again. We can't really separate the mind from the body. When you really communicate with other people, you use your body. The body comes through and shows the emotions you are really feeling."

No one spoke more eloquently throughout the performance that night than Araba. Her vitality and enjoyment touched the crowd, which interrupted often with applause.

The Three of Thee was Rose's dance interpretation of her separate selves, set to Herbie Mann's *Cajon Moon*. The hard woman, the innocent child and the one who drew them together were performed by Elvia Marta, Evelyn Amato and Araba.

Rose's style of choreography reflects her strength and independence. Her dancers are allowed to express their personal feelings, yet they remain part of the single unit. It's as if she's saying, "I can live in a world of people, but brother, I'm ME, unique and strong."

A series of fluid and carefree jazz dances followed *The Three*. The program ended with a set called *My Religion* in which Rose topped off a night of dance and poetry by singing.

Rose, a superb dancer, vocalist and choreographer, has appeared in Jon Hendricks' *Evolution of the Blues* and with The Oakland Civic Light Opera.

If you miss her next performance, you do so at peril to your aesthetic spirit.

Creative Campus

a calendar of weekly events

SF State's **Division of Continuing Education** will offer *Preparatory Art for Children*, introducing children ages nine to 12 to a wide variety of mixed media explorations, such as painting, drawing, printmaking, fiber, sculpture and ceramics.

The class meets on **Fridays, February 17 to April 14, from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m.** on the campus in **AI 214**. The $40 fee includes art supplies.

Registration can be made in advance or during the first class meeting. For more information contact the **Office of Continuing Education at SF State, 469-1373.**

* * *

The Union Depot opens a new **Thursday afternoon** slate of entertainment beginning today at **1:30 p.m.** with classical and folk guitarist **Bob Griffin**. Programs, held on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, are designed to serve students under 21 who would normally not be admitted to the Depot's entertainment because alcohol is served.

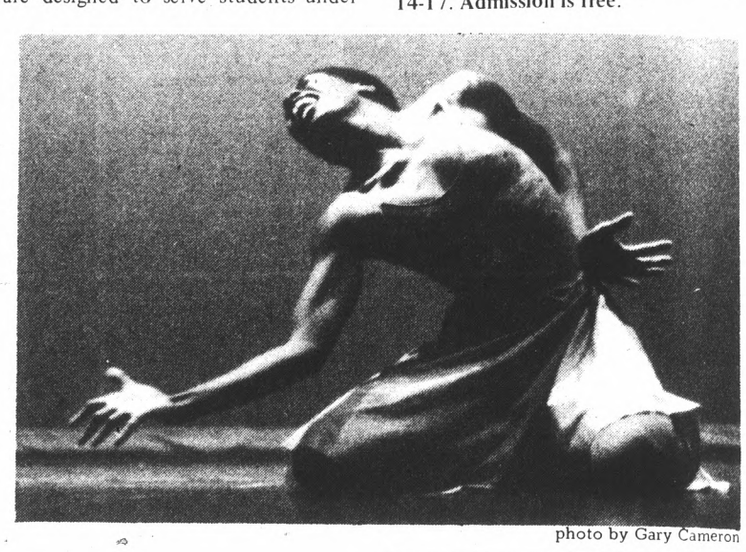
Balladeers Jim and Pat will perform at the **Depot Tuesday form** 5-7 p.m. **Good Time Music by Poor Howard** will be featured **Wednesday**, 5-7 p.m.

* * *

SF State's Cinematheque offers two films by French director **Francois Truffaut**. *400 Blows (1958)* will be screened at **McKenna Theatre** on **Friday, February 10 at** 7:15 p.m. Immediately following will be a screening of *The Bride Wore Black (1968)* with **Jeanne Moreau.**

* * *

Brown Bag Theatre will feature **Lillian Hellman's** adaptation of Jean **Anouilh's** *The Lark*. Performances are at **noon in CA 102, from February 14-17. Admission is free.**



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"ISLANDS IN THE STREAM" (PG)
"Islands": 6:35/"Romeo": 8:30/"Siddhartha": 10:55
Friday, Saturday, Sunday— February 10, 11, 12:
Liza Minnelli, Joel Grey, Michael York
Marisa Berenson
"CABARET" (PG)
Richard Dreyfuss, Randy Quaid
"APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ"
Fri.: "Duddy": 6:15, 10:40./"Cabaret": 8:30 ONLY Sat. & Sun.: "Duddy": 2:00, 6:15, 10:40/"Cabaret": 4:05, 8:30
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday— February 13, 14, 15:
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Crass encounters with dollar signs

by Russell Pike

They came, they saw, they spent.

Short, tall, fat, thin, in costumes or in street clothes, thousands of people, adults and children, came to the two-day hype called Space-con 6, the science fiction convention.

Seemingly, every third person milling around the cavernous Oakland Municipal Auditorium last weekend wore a colored badge designating him as someone important, whether he was a VIP with a sickly yellow-green badge or a lowly go-for wearing an orange one.

The dealers, the ubiquitous vendors were called, wore pink badges. They should have been issued tags printed on green paper. Folding green changed hands constantly, adding another fraction of an inch to the growing mounds of money. Two dealers whispered conspiratorially over a loose stack of $1 bills nearly an inch high.

A $50 first prize costume contest attracted many "Star Wars" impersonators – Darth Vaders, Jawas, a leonine creature in red high heels, and Princess Leia.

Children ran wildly through the corridors. Two boys about eight years old scampered into the upstairs ballroom chattering wildly. "Where are we now?" hung in the air as they dashed into the darkened room and just as quickly dashed out.

The vastness shouted loudly at the wandering mobs.

A large sign screamed, "there are more dealers on the 2nd floor."

The Federation Trading Post, a Star Trek junk shop in Berkeley, was not complaining about its vending booth location. FTP had managed to be first along the L-shaped hawker's alley, near the entrance of the buildings. Its stack of cash was higher than most.

The lights dimmed in the arena as master of ceremonies – Bob "Creature Features" Wilkins announced that J. Allen Hynek would be beaming aboard the convention floor. Lights on either side of several transparent vertical cylinders flashed yellow and red, then blues, an eerie dark green, and finally indigo. Two uniformed attendants stepped from the contraption's maw, followed by Hynek, technical advisor to *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

The *Star Trek* inspired light show drew gasps from the crowd.

Hynek opened his commercial for the existence of UFOs by conducting a mock interview with an imaginary man he called an M.I.T. physicist who was on TV last week.

"I would have asked him if he believed in the reports of UFOs and he would have to say 'yes' " Hynek said.

Outside, a nattily dressed man, thoroughly bewildered, wandered along sales pitch alley and asked how to find the ballroom. After being spun first one way and then another by children rushing about, he heard someone tell him to go straight ahead.

Space-con 6 was the brain-child of *Space, . . . The Final Frontier, Inc.*, a traveling space show which dredged up such moldy oldies as the 1971 film *THX 1138*, directed by George Lucas of *Star Wars* fame.

THX-1138 had a short life in its first run and had recently been resurrected in the face of *Star Wars* record-breaking box office.

2001: A Space Odyssey packed them into the ballroom.

TV shows received new life and other residuals as well. Three episodes each from *The Prisoner* and *Outer Limits* were revived. There were six episodes of *Star Trek* that survived the re-rerun mill. People chuckled as Spock hurled a witticism at Dr. McCoy, even though they had probably heard that line a dozen times before. William Shatner may be the pretty boy of *Star Trek*, but even his face looked a bit gruesome 20 feet high.

In his second on-stage appearance, Shatner eschewed being beamed on by the fake transporter hidden behind blue curtains.

Shatner easily answered a series of questions. His agent couldn't have written more flattering questions had he tried. Shatner told the audience where to find his record album (out at one of the booths on the floor) and boosted the third revival of the *Star Trek* movie.

Resplendent in beige slacks, and a white satin shirt, he epitomized the mood of the day, slick and schtick.

"Part of their (NASA's) thrust is to keep their name in front of the public so that they can get funded, but they say they do not want to investigate UFO's because they have no time and no money to," he said.

Strange that Shatner should say that at a contrived event which keeps himself, *Star Trek* and science fiction in the minds of fans.

Bob Wilkins' dry humor balanced the hyped tempo of the weekend's events. He came on stage to announce Shatner and thanked the audience for "the scattered applause," adding, "You won't be applauding when you see Gorgon tonight (on *Creature Features*).

But the Space-con lacked the frenetic intensity of earlier *Star Trek* conventions. The cut and patch amalgam of UFO, *Close Encounters* and *Star Trek* merchandise seemed too diverse to attract frenzied fanatics.

Certain people in the crowd stood out. A teen-age woman proclaimed her allegiance to *Close Encounters* with buttons and badges saying "Devil's Tower or bust," *"Close Encounters Freak."* She looked like a walking advertisement for the vendors.

The three-ring circus effect caused by placing events in three different places did not ease the tension of too much going on at once. It was a three-ring circus.

It was fitting that a BART station was underground nearby. It too is an expensive piece of schtick that might have been slick but just wasn't.

Depot musicians pay Union dues

by Roger Cruzen

The conversation is too loud, the stage is too small, seating is sparse and the beer is Olympia, but the entertainment is strictly first class – and free – weeknights at the Union Depot.

If one's musical ardor is satisfied by classical, jazz, folk, or even rock 'n' roll, and if one is over 21 years of age, then the Depot, in SF State's Student Union, is a good place to relax, quaff a few beers, and listen to some excellent music.

This week, the Union Depot began its semester entertainment with folk/rock singer Steve Seskin and harmonica blues vocalist J.C. Burris.

Seskin is a young, talented and accessible performer who expanded his musical roots in the coffeehouses of Greenwich Village and in the streets of San Francisco's Chinatown. He was received here less than enthusiastically at first, as it took several minutes for the noisy Friday afternoon Depot crowd to settle back, relax and enjoy the show.

Seskin opened with one of his own compositions, "Just a Push and a Shove in the Right Direction." When he followed with Jesse Winchester's "Nothing But a Breeze," the applause helped to snap the whole audience to attention.

Alternating on acoustic guitar and piano, Seskin varied his set with serious and humorous tunes, including John Prine's "Spanish Pipedream," which urges the audience to "Blow up your t.v./Throw away your paper/Move to the country/And build you a home."

But the humor quickly came to an end as Seskin performed a song he wrote only the day before, called "I'm Worried About You" – a haunting song of loneliness and fear that is the perfect vehicle for the taut emotionalism that Seskin's vocal performances are known for.

Closing with "Life is Just A Crazy Game," Seskin strolled through the audience singing the chorus *a-cappella* and slapping his thigh in rhythm.

He has appeared with various musicians throughout the Bay Area, including Jerry Garcia, Country Joe McDonald, John Fahey, Tom Rush and Hoyt Axton.

Later this spring, Seskin plans to bring his "Friends" group back to The Great American Music Hall for a show, where the group rated excellent in a concert last year.

Tuesday evening's show by J.C. Burris was quite different.

The crowd was a bit more unruly from the start, barely noticing and hardly listening to the unobtrusive, rotund harmonica player.

But after hearing a few choruses of lonesome, down-home country blues on his harmonica, the crowd began to settle down and listen as the gruff-voiced bluesman told his life story through song.

Although the blues has evolved from a simple folk tradition to a relatively contemporary music form, Burris' blues playing was purely traditional, going back to his roots as a young boy in the fields of North Carolina.

"Oh, I'm goin' home just as soon as the good lawd takes me away," Burris crooned, answering his vocals with the whining of the harmonica, his black patent leather shoes alternately stomping out the tempo.

Burris has played just about every club and coffeehouse in the Bay Area or "anywhere they will let me play my music."

One of Burris' fondest memories is of Bob Dylan, whom he met when Dylan was working as a street musician in New York in the late 1950s.

"Yeah, I knew Bob Dylan when he used to play and pass the hat on the street," Burris recalled. "I told him that he'd be a lot better off if he would play harmonica like Jimmy Reed (a respected bluesman).

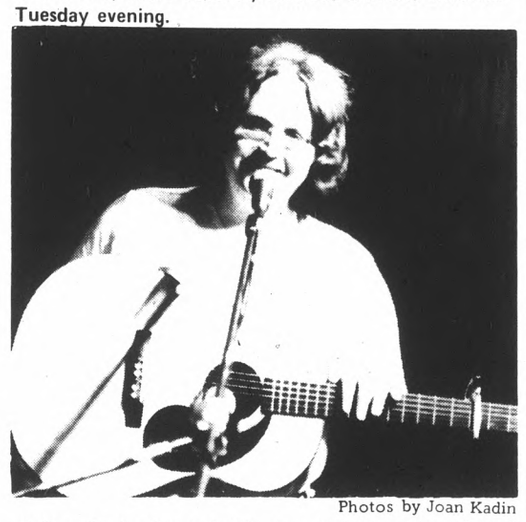
"Then the last time he played in San Francisco, I went up to him and said. 'I'm J.C. Burris,' and he said, 'The hell you are,' and put his arms around me and gave me a free ticket to his show."

Burris also pleased the audience with his version of the old "hand jive," which he calls "the roots of the bongos."

The "hand jive" consists of slapping one's hand over most any surface of the body so as to obtain a rhythmic sound.

Although his music may have been a bit obscure for much of the crowd, the message of this man's music was clear: "You got to make your instrument say what you want it to say – make it talk to you," Burris said. "That's how it was back on the farm when you might have only a string bucket bass and a banjo with only two strings."

J.C. Burris, blues vocalist, received a mixed reaction Tuesday evening.



Photos by Joan Kadin

Folk guitarist Steve Seskin proved to be a favorite

Slapstick tribute to Hitchcock

by Carol Craig

The primary question when you go to see a new Mel Brooks movie is "Will I laugh?"

In the case of *High Anxiety* the answer is yes, but the same answer would apply to the question "Will I be bored?" The laughter, though, is worth the occasional boredom.

All of Brooks' movies have a delicate balance between hilarious and yawning material. *High Anxiety* follows the pattern. As soon as a scene enters the realm of tedium, Brooks springs a shocker on his bored audience – either humor or gore.

Brooks produced and directed the film and co-authored the screenplay. He wrote the lyrics and music of the title song, which he sings. He also plays the lead role as Dr. Richard H. Thorndyke, a psychiatrist with a fear of heights.

All of his full-length films have been spoofs on movie genres, and with *High Anxiety* the satirist turns to the murder mystery films of Alfred Hitchcock.

Of the over 50 pictures Hitchcock has directed, Brooks specifically pokes fun at *Psycho, The Birds, Spellbound, Vertigo* and *North By Northwest.*

Brooks' satire goes beyond the plots to Hitchcock's filming techniques.

One shot through a window is interrupted by the camera shattering the glass, causing the dining actors to focus their attention on the camera rather than their dialogue.

Dr. Thorndyke, a world-renowned psychiatrist, has just been appointed the head of a Los Angeles mental institution, the Psycho Neurotic Institute for the Very, *Very* Nervous. His adventures bring him to San Francisco and the familiar settings of the Golden Gate Bridge, Fisherman's Wharf and the Hyatt Regency.

Cloris Leachman turns in the best performance in the film as Nurse Diesel.

Diesel comes complete with contorted expressions, a moustache, cigars, red lipstick smeared on her teeth, and sharks in her fish tank.

Harvey Korman, as Dr. Montague, has a few occasions to display his controlled performance of deadpan comedy that he did so well on *The Carol Burnett Show.*

There is a short scene with Charlie Callas as a mental patient who believes he is a cocker spaniel. His isolated cell is supplied with fire hydrants which he ignores in favor of Korman's leg.

Kahn's role doesn't give much room for her to impress the audience as she has in past films with her silly, high-pitched humor.

Despite the PG rating, *High Anxiety* seems better suited to an R classification because of several play-ups of sadism and masochism, obscene phone calls, human sexual conditions discussed in Freudian terminology and several violent deaths.

Brooks combines dry humor with an entourage of good guys and bad guys to create a film rich with comedy. But don't blink your eyes too often, or some of the humor may slip by.

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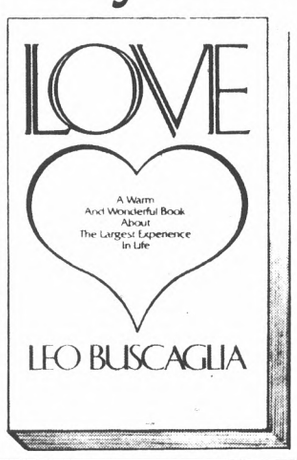

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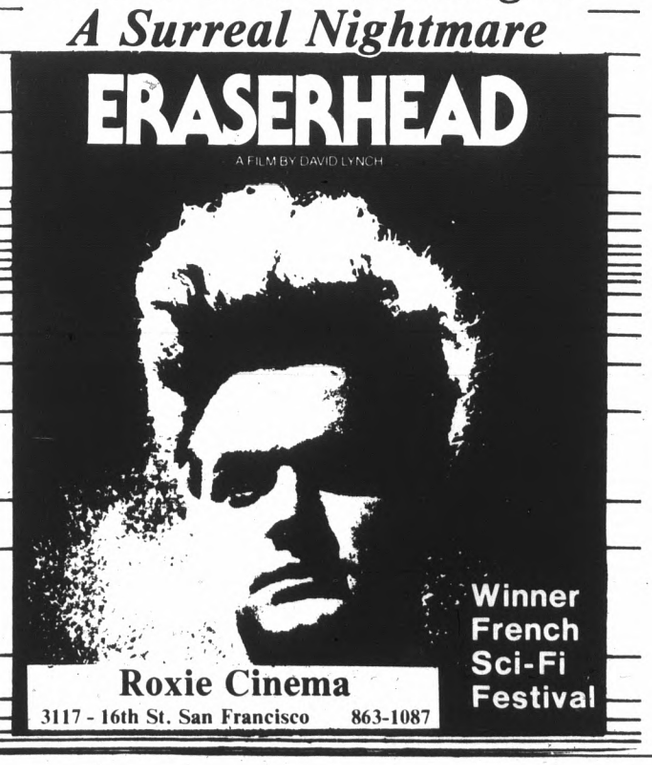

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BACKWORDS

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and
a star to steer her by. . ."
– John Masefield

Photos by Dave Epperson

When your own backyard is the open sea

by Lisa Smith

Boat dwelling fever is running rampant at Docktown Marina in Redwood City, and the number of victims is increasing steadily.

Competition for a boat slip in San Francisco Bay is fierce, with waits as long as two or three years.

Thirty-five of the marina's 125 slips moor boats which harbor their owners. Costs per month depend on boat length and whether the skipper lives aboard. Since rent is $2 per foot and utilities are a flat $40, mortgage-paying boat owners save money by living aboard instead of renting an apartment. Living aboard sometimes makes an unaffordable luxury affordable, and the added lure of an alternative lifestyle is tempting bait.

Boat lovers rush to the sea like lemmings, inspired by salty poems and the need to get away from it all. They endure cold, damp winters in dreamy anticipation of balmy summers and smooth winds.

And they clean up mildew.

Living in a 32-foot sailboat with my husband Burt, a Siamese cat and a colony of mildew may not be the epitome of high living, but there is no known cure for this particular brand of insanity.

My boating neighbors alone justify the crowded, clammy existence: seafaring personalities are as colorful as wind-filled spinnakers. Our common bond is a spirit of adventure and a strong commitment to the floating lifestyle.

* * *

When it isn't raining, Jack Becker can be seen working on his 38-foot ketch, the *Om*, in weatherbeaten jeans, tattered t-shirt and bare feet.

In cold weather he works persistently, wearing an army jacket and watchcap. He has been working on the boat since he bought it in 1974. He was 21 then.

"I had a choice between salvaging existing parts or putting in new ones," Becker said. "I chose to put in new ones."

Evidence of Jack's labor is apparent: an old mast with chipped paint is now a beautiful piece of varnished art. The decrepit deck has been replaced with fresh, good wood with every nail hammered by hand.

Inside, the *Om* is barren and bleak with bare planks exposed everywhere. Ropes, cables and tools lie around in a loose yet orderly fashion and at one spot in the hull, concrete ballast can be seen. Small things make the *Om* a home. A stereo, records and cassettes provide entertainment; books are on the practical subjects of navigation and piloting.

A plaque on the wall reads, "A boat is a hole in the water into which you pour money."

"My job is paying my expenses but it's a waste of time," Becker said. "Its just a way to achieve my goal."

He works as a structural draftsman drawing plans for warehouses, office buildings and sometimes "a big house for some rich dude." He hopes to have the boat finished in three years.

"My shakedown cruise will be along the northwest coast; maybe up to Alaska," he said. "Then I want to trip around the East coast. From there to the South Seas is all downhill sailing."

As he walked through the boat pointing out changes and improvements he was making, it was clear he was visualizing a finished cabin.

Becker uses no heat but has an electric refrigerator and a kerosene stove for cooking. Cold nights are spent curled up in a sleeping bag.

"I can't afford an apartment," he said. "I'm doing this because I enjoy it."

His blue eyes moved restlessly, framed by his tanned face, wavy brown hair and bearded chin. All he needed was a peacoat to be the perfect model of a seafaring man.

"Maybe it's an inborn need or maybe it's my past experience as an army brat. I'm not sure," he said of his love for travel. "But what's neat about sailboats is you can travel without paying for gas and you can go more places. You can't live in a car."

"It's a warm wind, the west wind,
full of bird's cries."

A huge doghouse with the name "Wolf" painted over the door sits at the west end of F Dock. It's next to the *Cora Lee*, a 32-foot three-hulled vessel whose smaller hulls extend from the main one like wings.

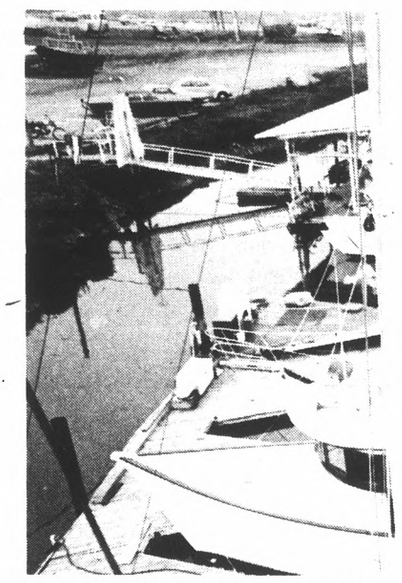
The trimaran sail boat is the home of David Johnson and Cora Lee Morrisey, along with two cats, and of course Wolf, a German shepard.

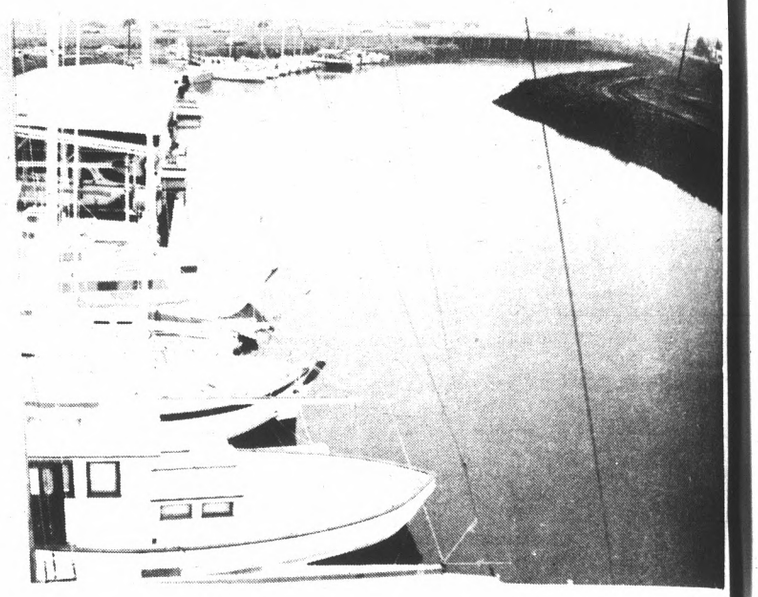
Morrisey prepared water for tea on a large kerosene heater and talked about the on-board life.

"I like the habits I've picked up since I moved aboard – neatness, making do without all those electrical things that you don't really need," she said.

Lisa and Burt Smith check the *Sourdough's* rigging.

David Johnson and Cora Lee Morrisey at home on the *Cora Lee*.





Crow's nest view of Docktown Marina.

"I have a sense of adventure," she said. "I like David a lot and he didn't like the apartment. You get stagnant sitting in the same environment. Caught up in the typical, everyday, middle-class lifestyle, you vegetate. It's two different worlds."

Morrisey works at Docktown's marine store. Johnson is a sheet metal worker.

As the boat warmed up and then got hot, the cabin took on the atmosphere of a tidy country kitchen. White walls created a clean, spacious look while plaid upholstery and hanging kerosene lamps conveyed old-fashioned comfort.

"I tried to sew curtains while David was gone but the circuit breaker kept popping off," Morrisey said.

The power supply is inadequate at Docktown, partially because of the increasing number of live-aboards. When a thoughtless houseboater installed his own breakers and usurped half the dock's electricity, most tenants blew their own fuses.

Said Morrisey, "I don't care how much Scotch they buy Mimo (Docktown's landlord). They are using half the power on the dock."

(Harbormaster 7 years, Mimo Morcos has lovingly been dubbed the "Screaming Arab" by marina residents.)

"You want to know our daily routine?" Johnson said. "Fighting with Mimo, trying to get power, you know." He laughed.

Johnson likes the privacy of living aboard, despite disadvantages. And he likes being close to nature.

"Where else can you look out the window and see pelicans, cormorants and egrets?" he asked.

Johnson has lived aboard for three years and has seen changes taking place in the environment.

He said resignedly. "Progress is creeping in. I used to scare up pheasants in the field where K-Mart is now. Who in the hell needs a K-Mart?"

As for world travel, Johnson joked: "We're going to Pete's harbor next Sunday." The harbor is just up the channel from Docktown.

Johnson had visions of sailing to Canada but found he'd have to learn a lot first. Last April, his boat capsized during a race outside the Golden Gate. Morrisey wasn't there to help.

"I had sailed in the bay and was getting pretty cocky," Johnson said, reflecting back. "Then I capsized. I wasn't hurt but I was so embarrassed. When the Coast Guard picked me up, Channel 7 news wanted to talk to me but I hid in the back and said, 'I ain't coming out.'" He added, "It took a lot outta me. I slept a lot."

"He turned grayer," Morrisey interjected.

Johnson continued: "I've had my share of bad luck. The first time I went out on the ocean, I had Cora with me. The rudder broke."

He managed to say this without making the age-old remark about women being bad luck on a ship.

Hanging overhead was a still from "The African Queen."

"I like living here," Johnson concluded. "I've had thoughts about selling the boat but then what will I do? I'll have to find another place to live."

"And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover. . ."

Next door to Johnson and Morrisey is a well-kept wooden boat, the *Bura*.

"Bura is the name for the winter winds of the Adriatic Sea," said her owner and builder, George Obradovich. The 34-foot sloop took eight years and $20,000 to build.

When asked his age, the gray-haired, athletic Yugoslavian laughed.

"I'm 51 years young and can still compete with any punk in town." The corners of his eyes crinkled with glee. He is single, loves disco dancing and has a reputation as the waterfront Romeo. Obradovich said he never married, but wouldn't say he was single.

"This is my wife and that dinghy is my daughter. But the dinghy, she doesn't look like me – she looks like her mother," Obradovich bellowed, engulfed in a huge belly-laugh.

Obradovich worked as a design engineer but now is a consultant.

'A boat is a hole in the water into which you pour money'

"I will probably never retire," he said, "but I'm actually bumming around with a capital 'B'."

The *Bura*'s broad beam allows plenty of room to move about. Windows with light curtains let sunlight in, which reflects off the lavishly varnished wood. Obradovich was proud of his boat, but he was proudest of some clever gadgets he designed to hold back curtains.

The *Bura* is made comfortable by a hot plate, alcohol stove, refrigerator, electric heater and, naturally, a telephone.

Though Obradovich plainly loves his boating lifestyle, he can't stand being at sea for more than two days. He is content to sail in the bay, and has considered a trip down to Baja California, but he unabashedly admits, "If I want to go to Hawaii, I'll take a jet."

"I must go down to the sea again, to
the vagrant gypsy life. . ."

The Irish Lady isn't green. And she isn't quite a boat yet, though she's already a home. She is a 42-foot-gray cement hull, built in Kit Meitinger's backyard.

The slip in E Dock gets a lot of curious stares from strangers and residents alike. Noses wrinkle when coal smoke from the heating stove drifts through the air, but after a while the smell becomes comfortable, even pleasant.

Kit's wife, Sharon, heated two mugs of hot water for tea in her microwave oven. A sewing machine was on the table, along with a television set.

"We've got everything but a waterbed," she said.

Irish Lady's oak-panelled interior has a rich, glossy sheen.

Homemade patchwork cushions make the inside as colorful as the outside is drab. A "No Smoking" plaque catches the eye as an accusing ceramic finger points at would-be polluters.

The cabin is constructed to allow a place for everything with niches for spices and large storage compartments. Kelly, the Meitingers' 16-year-old daughter, has her own tiny room, complete with telephone, pictures, posters and patchwork.

Sharon laughed when she remembered Mimo's reaction to the boat's arrival last summer.

"He didn't like it at all," she said. "He asked if we had walls in here. Kit said we should've told him we slept on straw and used a bucket for a toilet."

She displayed a neat photograph album detailing the boat's history. They built the boat because they wanted to see the Bahamas. The work was started in the summer of 1972 and has been carried on every summer since.

The Meitingers hope the mast will be up by fall and they can sail.

"The hull will be dark, dark green. The cabin and deck will be light green. You know, there were times when we might have sold her for a dime, but we'll have a big party when she's all done," Meitinger mused.

Sharon Meitinger is Irish, hence the boat's name. She is lured by the idea of travel and adventure. "I think I have gypsy blood," she said.

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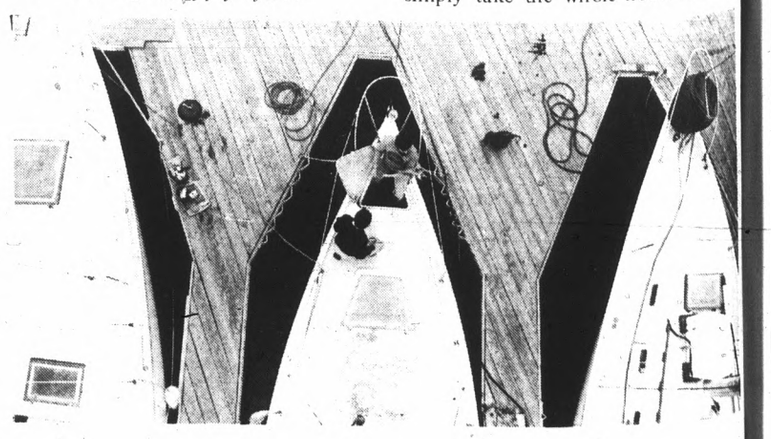
All dreams of adventure and Tahiti fade when climbing into the forward cabin with a poop scoop and disinfectant in hand. Yet one bright thought buoys the mundane thoughts: When unwanted guests appear, we don't have to sneak out the back door – we simply take the whole house with us.